Maurice J. Holland
With Federalists at Yale

John Train
With G.I.'s in Germany

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR®

VOL. 16 FEBRUARY 1983 NO. 2

Arnold Beichman: A Refined Irving Howe

Ben Stein: Money Talks

Reflections on the State of Poland by Jakub Karpinski

$1.75
FOR ONE COPY

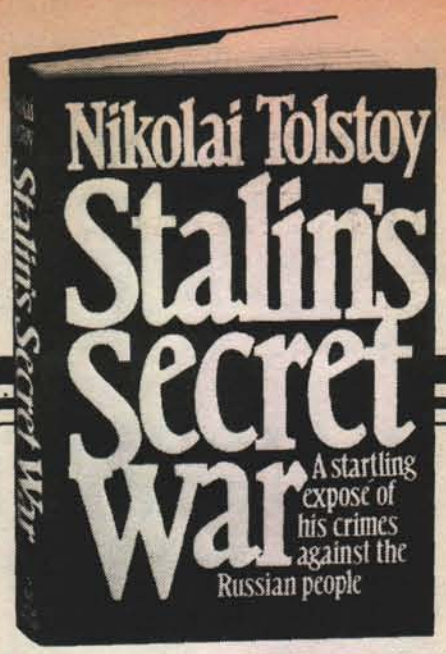
A MONTHLY REVIEW
EDITED BY R. EMMETT TYRRELL, JR.

$19.00
BY THE YEAR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"A STUPENDOUS BOOK"

– Joseph Sobran
National Review



Yours FREE!

479 pages ■ meticulously documented with over 1,000 notes ■ endpaper maps of Soviet slave camps ■ 13-page index

Mr. Sobran's review explains why:

Liberals forever remind us that the Soviet Union lost twenty million people in World War II. Nikolai Tolstoy (grandnephew of Leo) puts the figure even higher. But he argues that most of them were killed by Stalin himself....

He was incomparably the richest man who ever lived: "Stalin virtually owned the Soviet Union in as absolute a sense as property can acquire." When a dog in the street woke him with its barking, he had dog and master shot. A series of painters who produced insufficiently flattering portraits of him — five-feet-four, scrawny, scrofular — were also shot. While the proletariat was reduced, at times to cannibalism, he had mountains of caviar specially flown to his enormous personal estate, where he watched the American gangster movies he loved....

He drove one wife to suicide, obscenely abused his daughter for wanting to marry a Jew, beat and insulted a son, whom he later allowed to die unransomed in a German prison camp. He delighted in tormenting his highest confederates — including the nominal president of the USSR, Kalinin — in front of foreign dignitaries...

With his own criminal example he encouraged what one trusts was by far the most brutal period of violence in human history. Even *The Gulag Archipelago* hardly prepares one for this. One example will convey the tone: a man who would not "confess" to Trotskyist activities even after castration was forced to watch his pregnant wife beaten until she delivered a stillborn child. Such things were done thousands upon thousands of times, year after year after year. Special instruments of torture were apparently mass-produced, one for squeezing the skull, another for the testicles, and so forth, though interrogators were permitted to use broken bottles, ice picks, or whatever other conventional tools appealed to them....

There was apparently only one foreign head of state Stalin really trusted. He was paralyzed with shock and incredulity when Adolf Hitler broke his word by attacking Russia. For days he could barely compose himself sufficiently to order the usual potential enemies shipped off to labor camps; but eventually he did, even when he couldn't formulate a battle plan against the Germans.

It was always the domestic enemy he feared most: the kind of wartime revolt that had toppled Kerensky. Stalin did indeed make unremitting war on his own people; he never really understood why they didn't fight back, and he was amazed at the patriotism that drove them to fight for Russia, despite everything, when Hitler invaded.

Instead of returning the favor, he stepped up his pre-emptive purges all the while his people were saving his skin. It is wickedness of an astounding degree. This book makes *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* seem like Restoration comedy.

Tolstoy, who is worthy to inherit the name, interprets the slaughter of the Polish officers in the Katyn Forest as one of Stalin's attempts to forestall domestic revolt: the officers might have given potential rebels in the western part of the Soviet Union the leadership they needed, igniting a general uprising.

Just before his death Stalin was contemplating an invasion of Western Europe.

Stalin's Secret War is a stupendous book.

How to get this new $18.50 book FREE

How the Club Works

Every 4 weeks (13 times a year) you get a free copy of the Club Bulletin, which offers you the Featured Selection plus a good choice of Alternates — all of interest to conservatives. ★ If you want the Featured Selection, do nothing. It will come automatically. ★ If you don't want the Featured Selection, or you do want an Alternate, indicate your wishes on the handy card enclosed with your Bulletin and return it by the deadline date. ★ The majority of Club books will be offered at 20-50% discounts, plus a charge for shipping and handling. ★ As soon as you buy and pay for 4 books at regular Club prices, your membership may be ended at any time, either by you or by the Club. ★ If you ever receive a Featured Selection without having had 10 days to decide if you want it, you may return it at Club expense for full credit. ★ Good service. No computers! ★ The Club will offer regular Superbargains, mostly at 70-95% discounts plus shipping and handling. Superbargains do NOT count toward fulfilling your Club obligation, but do enable you to buy fine books at giveaway prices. ★ Only one membership per household.

CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB

15 Oakland Avenue • Harrison, NY 10528

Please accept my membership in the Club and send me, free and postpaid, ***Stalin's Secret War*** by Nikolai Tolstoy. I agree to buy 3 additional books at regular Club prices over the next 18 months. I also agree to the Club rules spelled out in this coupon.

AS–7

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE *AMERICAN* SPECTATOR.

Editor-in-Chief:
R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.
Publisher:
Ronald E. Burr

Business Staff
Assistant Publisher:
Susan C. France
Circulation Manager:
Kathryn L. Baker
Office Manager:
Lou Ann Sabatier
Business Office Secretaries:
Cindy L. Baker, Cheryl Mazur
Staff Assistants:
Ann Moore Gutiérrez, Brenda Burch

Editorial Staff
Managing Editor:
Wladyslaw Pleszczynski
Production Manager:
Jan Hoffman Sharkey
Assistant Managing Editor:
William McGurn
Research Director:
Paul H. Vivian
Executive Secretary:
Jenny Meadows
Production Assistant:
Linda S. Calkins
Editorial Intern:
Richard Starr
Senior Editors:
A. Lawrence Chickering, Adam Meyerson, Karl O'Lessker
Art Advisor:
Sheila Wolfe
Washington Editor:
Tom Bethell
New York Editor:
Whit Stillman
Cambridge Editor:
Andy Stark
Chief Saloon Correspondent:
Douglas Bartholomew
Contributors:
Aram Bakshian, Jr., Fred Barnes, Martha Bayles, Christopher C. DeMuth, Terry Eastland, Jerry Gerde, Roger Kaplan, William Kristol, William H. Nolte, Terry O'Rourke, John Podhoretz, Alan Reynolds, Mitchell S. Ross, Ben Stein
Legal Counsel:
Solitary, Poor, Nasty, Brutish & Short

The American Spectator was founded in 1924 by George Nathan and Truman Newberry over a cheap domestic ale in McSorley's Old Ale House. In 1967 the Saturday Evening Club took it over, rechristening it *The Alternative: An American Spectator;* but by November 1977 the word "alternative" had acquired such an esoteric fragrance that in order to discourage unsolicited manuscripts from florists, beauticians, and other creative types the Club reverted to the magazine's original name. *The American Spectator* is now published monthly at 102 West Sixth Street, Bloomington, Indiana. Second class postage paid at Bloomington, Indiana, and additional mailing offices.

A one-year subscription (12 issues) costs $19, outside the United States $23. Foreign air mail rates sent on request. All correspondence (manuscripts, subscriptions, threatening letters, federal grants, etc.) should be sent to *The American Spectator*, P.O. Box 1969, Bloomington, IN 47402, (812) 334-2715. For advertising sales, contact the New York office at 20 West 40th St., 4th floor, New York, NY 10018, (212) 719-5817. Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes. U.S.A. newsstand distribution by Eastern News Distributors, Inc., 111 Eighth Ave., New York, NY 10011. ISSN 0148-8414.

Published remarkably without regard to sex, life-style, race, color, creed, physical handicap, or national origin.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to: The American Spectator, P.O. Box 1969, Bloomington, Indiana 47402.

Copyright © *The American Spectator* 1983

Volume 16, Number 2, February 1983.

C O N T E N T S

Reflections on the State of Poland .....Jakub Karpinski 8
Martial law or no, Solidarity lives.

America's Federalist Heritage Rediscovered ...Maurice J. Holland 11
All powers not explicitly granted to Washington are reserved for the states, agreed? The Tenth Amendment and a three-day meeting at Yale last spring proffered alternatives to elephantiasis on the Potomac.

Boasting .....Ben Stein 14
Putting your mouth where your money is.

With Our Forces in West Germany .....John Train 16
Are we ready in Europe?

DEPARTMENTS

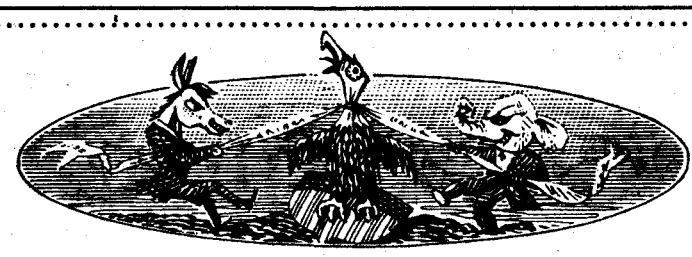
Capitol Ideas / Sound Minds.....Tom Bethell 4
Editorial / Free Shcharansky / Legends .....R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. 5
The Continuing Crisis..... 7
Among the Intellectualoids / A Refined Irving Howe .....
.....Arnold Beichman 19
Eminentoes / Check-out Time.....Richard Brookhiser 21
Presswatch / Old Fools.....Fred Barnes 22
The Great American Saloon Series / Dionysian Denver .....
.....George Ertel 24
Correspondence..... 26
Spectator's Journal / Letter from Sicily.....Mary Martinez 37
Current Wisdom .....Assorted Jackasses 38

BOOK REVIEWS

Prejudices: A Philosophical Dictionary, by Robert Nisbet.....
.....Aaron Wildavsky 27
Crisis: The Last Year of the Carter Presidency, by Hamilton Jordan, and *Reagan,* by Lou Cannon.....Vic Gold 28
Death Penalties: The Supreme Court's Obstacle Course, by Raoul Berger.....Walter Berns 30
Roughnecking It, by Chilton Williamson, Jr. .....Joe Mysak 32
New Individualist Review, Introduction by Milton Friedman.....
.....Vincent Fitzpatrick 33
Summer Crossing, by Steve Tesich .....Judy Tyrrell 35

COVER DRAWING by Elliott Banfield

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



SOUND MINDS

by Tom Bethell

To cheer me up for Christmas, the Manhattan Institute for Policy Research sent me a small parcel of books published under its auspices. The first one I perused was *The Economy in Mind* by Warren T. Brookes, whom George Gilder describes in an introduction as "the nation's best columnist on economics and society." As an occasional columnist on economics and society, I must concur, although reluctantly. Warren Brookes is very good, as anyone who has read his column in the *Boston Herald-American* must know. (The column also appears from time to time in *Human Events,* and in the *Washington Times,* the welcome and much-needed addition to the Capital's press.) To those who have wondered if economic columnizing would ever rise above the old-fashioned approach established by Hobart Rowen, Leonard Silk, and several other old buffers of the Keynesian persuasion, Warren Brookes will come as treasure.

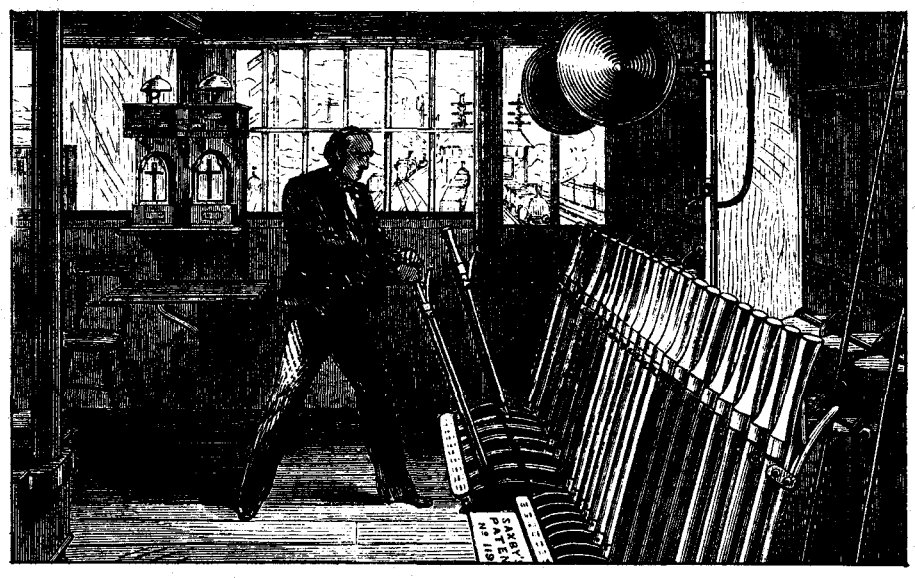
In the old-fashioned view, let me explain, "the economy" is thought of as an interconnecting system of pipes with "liquidity" flowing through them. The whole system is designed in such a way as to be controlled from a central point. At this central panel, where there are levers and dials (as in an airplane cockpit or power-station control-room), sit some very people called economists who work for the government. To them, Rowen, Silk, et al. address their advice. This advice always turns out to be in the direction of making Central Control more important (eliminate autonomous economic units; raise [illegible] etc.). The economists at Central Control may ease forward or back on the levers of power. This in turn "stimulates," or "applies the brakes to," or sometimes "overheats" the unitary, interconnected machine called "the economy." In short, this "economy" contraption can be "steered" this way or that by government economists, who of course have an ear cocked to the advice of good old Bart and good old Leonard.

In the more modern view, epitomized by Warren Brookes, there really is no such Central Control panel. The dials are mostly phoney, allowing economists to play around with statistics and enjoy the pretense that they are scientists. He points out, for example, that the GNP statistics are a con game because they include (as we are never told) government *spending* as a component of national *product.* Since this spending is achieved by coercively diverting dollars away from the private sector, it follows that money in the public sector has less value than it had before it was seized by the law; otherwise it would not have been necessary to seize it. A dollar spent by the Department of Health and Human Services thus does not have the same value as a dollar invested in a new company. But both have the digit "one" written on them, so both are said to contribute equally to the chimera called "gross national product." The GNP dial in Central Control is a sham.

To the extent that there really is central control, i.e., to the extent that government can cudgel us all over the heads with prison-threatening laws, its operation is harmful to the country as a whole. Only by relaxing this central control, that is, by decentralizing the operations of the "power station" can the government economists do any good. In other words, they must be willing to do things that undermine their own sense of power and importance. But economists are human, too, so they don't like to do this.

That reminds me of the time I met Barry Bosworth, then billed as the "house conservative" at the Brookings Institution. Bosworth made the simple point that there were understandably not many free-market economists, because if the theories of the free marketeers were correct, there was no real need for economists. In short, market economists talk themselves out of jobs and are bad for the profession. A few years later, Bosworth went to work for the Carter Administration as Chief Price Controller, the head of something called the Council on Wage and Price Stability, the function of which was to try to u-r-g-e prices not to rise too much at a time when G. William Miller was churning out brand-new money every day from Federal Reserve computers. Of course, this money had nowhere to go *except* into prices.

Well, witness the change that came over Barry Bosworth after he stepped into this Central Control Panel job and his youthful countenance had been spotted on evening TV a few times! No longer was he anyone's pet house conservative! Now he was there to tell us that prices could be cajoled and talked to sternly. Admonition was the correct solution to the inflation problem. He then left the government, and I have noticed that he still occasionally pops up as a great champion of wage and price controls as the solution to rising prices—a solution which I am afraid is more normally advocated (although I am sure not in Barry Bosworth's case) by people who have not read Chapter One of their Introductory Economics Texts, dealing with the important role of prices in economics.



Somehow I seem to have strayed rather far from Warren Brookes. Where was I? I wanted to say that although he suggests we should ignore some of the official statistical dials—such as GNP—Brookes is paradoxically extremely good with statistics of his own. He has lots of charts and tables, and sometimes you get the feeling that he painstakingly compiles them himself. He also has a way of unexpectedly juxtaposing one set of figures against another, and, from the comparison, drawing some original conclusion which lay right under our noses all the time but which no one had quite noticed.

For example, Brookes points out that almost everyone today is complaining about the soaring rate of immigration—Cubans and Mexicans flooding into the country, and so on. He continues: "Americans do well to remember, however, that this nation's greatest economic growth took place from 1880-1930, when we took in 37 million immigrants who, with their offspring, accounted for fully 60% of our huge population growth in that period." Today, by contrast, "less than 30% of our annual population growth" comes from immigration. Unexpected conclusion: "The nation as a whole may

Tom Bethell is The American Spectator*'s Washington correspondent.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

well be suffering more from restricted immigration than benefiting from it." Even though the many Cubans who have arrived in Florida recently were penniless, they "brought their wealth with them." Wealth is metaphysical, not material; it is "in mind," not in pocket. Hence the title of Brookes's book.

Incidentally, we should all heave a great sigh of relief that the dreadful new immigration bill supported by Senator Alan Simpson, Representative Romano Mazzoli, the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, and *Mother Jones* finally failed in the House of Representatives. It would have restricted immigration; made millions of people in this country eventually eligible for welfare and union organizing, and thus reluctant to perform the many jobs that it is illegal for American citizens to perform (those that are below minimum wage); and made U.S. employers responsible for enforcing the immigration laws by applying criminal penalties to those who hired "illegal aliens." This would have constituted the most burdensome increment to regulation since the creation of the Environmental Protection Agency.

In case you are still a bit uncertain about immigration, perhaps I can win you over by quoting *Mother Jones*, the left-wing monthly (January 1983): "Some progressive Americans are worried, and with very good reason, that the political beliefs of many of the new immigrants are dangerously reactionary. They believe, with Ben Wattenberg, that Latin America and the Far East have blanketed us with a horde of uncompromising anti-Communists."

Right. One of the best things about immigrants is that they are mostly pro-American. So, the more of them the better. They are badly needed to offset our home-grown blue-bloods with their tired old faded blue genes. Shame on you, Senator Simpson! Don't be misled by those "strange new respect" stories about the delightful lanky homespun senator from Wyoming in the East Coast Establishment press!

Now a brief word about the two other books from the Manhattan Institute, both dealing with economic problems and both offering unconventional theses. Walter Williams, a black economist (by which I mean he is not one of your certified "Safe," anointed octoroons), has written a book called *The State Against Blacks*, in which he points out that, despite our loudly professed "concern" about race, many federal, state, and local laws discriminate against blacks. He cites occupational and business licensing, minimum-wage laws, and so on. Such laws discriminate against blacks because they work to the disadvantage of latecomers and outsiders who are trying to work their way onto the ladder of economic achievement. Nevertheless, the laws are stamped with the seal of liberal approval because they are derived from union influence and pressure. Unions, of course, are legal conspiracies against non-union employees, among whom most blacks are numbered. I don't think Walter Williams can be too popular among the anointed ones or the liberal choir for urging an end to this de facto discrimination against blacks, and for that reason his book is worth reading.

Finally, a word of congratulations to Melvyn B. Krauss for his immensely readable *Development Without Aid*, which sets forth the recent evidence for the case, originally made by P.T. Bauer, that foreign aid harms the countries that receive it, and that the big-government, high-tax policies bequeathed to the decolonized nations by the post-World War II socialists have done nothing but harm. This, rather than racism or exploitation, has been the true colonial legacy. Although the evidence is now decisively on the side of Krauss and Bauer, we characteristically hear nothing but silence from the opposition. *This* colonial legacy—the legacy of Lords Kaldor and Keynes—the Left is not eager to part with.

I wish Krauss had mentioned one country which might dramatically illustrate the point of his thesis dealing with foreign aid to Israel. They receive a lot of it, and their economy is chaotic. Those who wish to see the Israeli economy improve should urge the reduction of its aid. Only necessity can beget painful reforms. □

EDITORIAL

FREE SHCHARANSKY

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Did it ever occur to you that this whole Cold War pother extending from the 1940s to the present could have been avoided if Stalin or one of his successors had been astute enough to hire a sharp New York public relations agent? The idea is not all that silly. Surely it has crossed the mind of that eminent student of Soviet affairs, George F. Kennan. He and many like him see much of the friction between the United States and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics as the painful consequence of two nations' failure to communicate. Well, I hereby offer my services to Soviet party leader Andropov on a *pro bono* basis.

His proposal to reduce the USSR's European arsenal of over 600 medium-range nuclear missiles to the 160 presently maintained by Britain and France was a splendid public relations gesture. I congratulate him, but there is something else he can do to present the Soviet Union in the halo that he doubtless seeks. He could free a sick and anguished man now wasting away in one of his modern prisons, Anatoly Shcharansky. Shcharansky, once something of a whiz kid on the Helsinki Watch Committee, was arrested by Soviet authorities five years ago and sentenced to 13 years in prison. Since then a growing international chorus composed of practically every element of political expression from Ronald Reagan to François Mitterrand has sought Shcharansky's release. The catalyst of all this has been Shcharansky's wife, a very sympathetic lady who so far as I can tell is no political threat whatsoever to Andropov and the colleagues. Releasing Shcharansky now would be a very savvy act.

When it comes to politics, Westerners are stupendously optimistic given the paucity of good news that they have had to go on in this century. There is no nation on earth, at least no socialist nation, that they are not willing to see in a new light if only some pretty music can be played. Andropov's promise to reduce his nuclear force was a lovely lilt, a trio by Schubert on a cold Bavarian night. Now why not raise Shcharansky from his cell; send him to Zurich on the first plane. Let him grumble about the treatment he has been getting. The Solzhenitsyn lament has already, it seems, been played out in the West. Shcharansky has been on a hunger strike and is in dreadful physical condition. Surely the Soviet government can depreciate his complaints as the delusions of a sick man or a spoilsport.

It is not without precedent to release a prisoner to the West at his wife's behest. Back in the 1930s, Mrs. André Malraux's dramatics got Malraux freed from captivity in Cambodia. Franco's Spain freed Koestler after Dorothy Koestler aroused fellow writers in London. Western intellectuals of a distinctly anti-Soviet passion are getting a lot of mileage out of Shcharansky's imprisonment; I counsel releasing him posthaste.

Recently the *Wall Street Journal*'s Suzanne Garment alleged that Soviet jailers under Andropov's direct control had been particularly cruel: raising Shcharansky's expectations for amelioration of his penal regimen and then plunging him into the most ghastly form of solitary confinement,

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post *column syndicated by King Features.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

starving him, isolating him from outside contact, bringing him close to death with "the worst possible treatment." Mrs. Shcharansky insists "They were playing with him." Well, by freeing him Andropov would both rekindle Western optimism and shut off such troublesome animadversions.

By virtue of fifteen years as head of that incomparable information-gathering device the KGB, Andropov is reputed to understand the West well. If he does he must also understand the vast dimensions of his public relations problem. Many in the West cannot understand why the Soviets maintain such a huge military force. They remember that after World War II Washington cheerfully reduced its forces from 12 million to 1.5 million in seven months while the Soviets inexplicably reinforced their armies and gobbled up practically all of Hitler's East European acquisitions. Then they kept getting into rows even farther from their borders. Their troops were soon in trouble in Berlin and West Germany; their spies were being picked up in the capitals of their erstwhile allies. Since those early days many Westerners have been alienated by such Soviet policies as sending the Red Army with yellow rain into Afghanistan. They believe the Soviet Union is a police state that by nature must be armed to the teeth and in iron control of all that lies at its borders. This entails a lot of real estate, and no sooner do the comrades tranquilize one neighbor than the next nation over becomes a threat. I suggest that Andropov try again to demonstrate the error of this grim characterization. Hang out a "USSR Love It Or Leave It" sign, and let this fellow Shcharansky leave it. Not only will the conservative Reagan be charmed but so will millions of other optimistic Westerners. □

LAISSEZ FAIRE BOOKS INC

Best Sellers

POLITICAL THEORY

Bastiat, **THE LAW**, $2.95
Clark, **A NEW BEGINNING**, $4.00
Holzer, **SWEET LAND OF LIBERTY? THE SUPREME COURT AND INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS**, $14.95
Kaku & Trainer, **NUCLEAR POWER: BOTH SIDES**, $14.95
Machan (ed), **THE LIBERTARIAN READER**, $12.95/$27.50
Mencken, **A MENCKEN CHRESTOMATHY**, $7.95/$17.95
Mises, **LIBERALISM**, $4.95/$15.00
Morley (ed), **ESSAYS ON INDIVIDUALITY**, $3.50/$8
Nozick, **ANARCHY, STATE & UTOPIA**, $9.95
Peikoff, **THE OMINOUS PARALLELS**, $16.95
Rothbard, **THE ETHICS OF LIBERTY**, $15.95
Rothbard, **FOR A NEW LIBERTY**, $6.95
Spooner, **NO TREASON**, $2.50
Williams, **THE STATE AGAINST BLACKS**, $14.95

ECONOMICS

Ferrara, **SOC. SECURITY: AVERTING THE CRISIS**, $6.95
Friedman, **CAPITALISM & FREEDOM**, $4.95
Friedman, **THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS A FREE LUNCH**, $16.50
Hayek, **THE ROAD TO SERFDOM**, $4.95/$12.50
Hayek, **CONSTITUTION OF LIBERTY**, $10.95/$35
Hazlitt, **ECONOMICS IN ONE LESSON**, $5.95
Lepage, **TOMORROW CAPITALISM**, $14.95
Mises, **HUMAN ACTION**, $37.50
Mises, **SOCIALISM**, $5/$11
Paul & Lehrman, **THE CASE FOR GOLD**, $8.95
Reisman, **THE GOVT. AGAINST THE ECON.**, $12.95
Rothbard, **MAN, ECONOMY, AND STATE**, $10/$30
Rothbard, **POWER AND MARKET**, $4.95/$15
Sowell, **MARKETS & MINORITIES**, $7.95/$13.50
Sowell, **KNOWLEDGE & DECISIONS**, $9.95/$21

HISTORY & FOREIGN POLICY

Bailyn, **IDEO. ORIGINS OF THE AMER. REVOL.**, $7.95
d'Encausse, **DECLINE OF AN EMPIRE**, $5.95/$12.95
Flynn, **AS WE GO MARCHING**, $3.45
Kolko, **TRIUMPH OF CONSERVATISM**, $8.95
Radosh, **PROPHETS ON THE RIGHT**, $5.95
Rustow, **FREEDOM AND DOMINATION**, $40.00
Sowell, **ETHNIC AMERICA**, $9.50/$16.95

PSYCHOLOGY

Branden, **THE ROMANTIC LOVE Q & A BOOK**, $3.95/$11.95
Branden, **PSYCH. OF ROMANTIC LOVE**, $2.95/$10
Branden, **PSYCHOLOGY OF SELF-ESTEEM**, $3.50
Breggin, **THE PSYCHOLOGY OF FREEDOM**, $10.95
Szasz, **LAW, LIBERTY & PSYCHIATRY**, $6.95
Szasz, **MANUFACTURE OF MADNESS**, $5.95
Szasz, **SEX BY PRESCRIPTION**, $3.95/$10.95
Szasz, **THEOLOGY OF MEDICINE**, $15
Vatz & Weinberg, **THOMAS SZASZ: PRIMARY VALUES & MAJOR CONTENTIONS**, $9.95/$18.95

OTHER

Collins & Tamarkin, **MARVA COLLIN'S WAY**, $12.95
Ferguson, **THE AQUARIAN CONSPIRACY**, $8.95/$15
Holt, **TEACH YOUR OWN**, $8.95/$13.95
Pearson & Shaw, **LIFE EXTENSION**, $22.50
Poole, **CUTTING BACK CITY HALL**, $6.95/$12.50
Rand, **ATLAS SHRUGGED**, $4.95/$22.95
Rand, **CAPITALISM, THE UNKNOWN IDEAL**, $2.95
Rand, **PHILOSOPHY: WHO NEEDS IT?**, $15.95
Richards, **THE SCEPTICAL FEMINIST**, $9.50/$21.50
Schiff, **HOW ANYONE CAN STOP PAYING INCOME TAXES**, $10.95
Smith, **ATHEISM: THE CASE AGAINST GOD**, $7.95

paperback price/hardcover price

Recent Additions

IF YOU COULD HEAR WHAT I CANNOT SAY: Learning To Communicate With The Ones You Love, by Nathaniel Branden, qpb, 294p, $8.95. You are both co-author and co-therapist as you actively participate in solving your own personal problems with the help of this new book. Using Dr. Branden's sentence-completion technique, you will explore such sensitive topics as sex, money, marriage, personal expectations, emotional security and the past. You too can achieve self-discovery, self-expression, and self-healing.

COMPELLING BELIEF: The Culture of American Schooling, by Stephen Arons, hd, 240p, $19.95. Although many parents believe their children are being educated in the public schools, our system of compulsory education accommodates neither their attempts to revitalize it nor their efforts to extricate their children from it. Arons leads us to consider alternatives by which we might redress, legally, this suppression of intellectual freedom.

RISE AND DECLINE OF NATIONS by Mancur Olson, hd, 273p, $14.95. Brilliant new work shows why some economies prosper while others stagnate. Elaborates theory of special interest group growth and success and uses history to show how intervention by government strangles economic progress.

SWEET LAND OF LIBERTY? The Supreme Court and Individual Rights, by Henry Mark Holzer, hd, 224p, $14.95. The Constitution's promise to protect individual rights is sabotaged by its supposed guardian, the Supreme Court. Holzer exposes the collectivist premises underlying some sixty major cases going back to the Court's earliest decisions.

FREEDOM, FEMINISM, AND THE STATE edited by Wendy McElroy, qpb, 250p, $7.95. This anthology of individualist feminist writings depicts the government as the chief oppressor of women. Authors include Voltairine deCleyre, Stephen Pearl Andrews, Lucy Stone, Rose Wilder Lane, Suzanne LaFollette, Sharon Presley and Jean Bethke Elshtain.

ORDER FORM

ITEM	PRICE
SUBTOTAL	
N.Y. State residents add sales tax	
Shipping & Handling	$2.25
TOTAL:	

METHOD OF PAYMENT
☐ Check or Money Order ☐ MasterCard ☐ Visa

CARD NUMBER _____ EXPIRATION DATE _____
SIGNATURE _____
NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY/STATE _____ ZIP _____

PLEASE SEND YOUR ORDER TO:
LAISSEZ FAIRE BOOKS INC
206 Mercer Street
NY, NY 10012
A32

LEGENDS

Events of recent months bring to mind a disparity between liberals and conservatives that frequently goes unremarked, to wit: the prodigious resourcefulness of the liberal fabulists in creating and engauding their legends and the conservatives' utter inability to respond in kind. Raise up one of the liberal's epic heroes or arch villains, and he will erupt into a Mt. St. Helens of words, admittedly meaningless and silly. Try this with the conservative, and there will be silence. Even when offered one of his epic heroes, he will remain comparatively mum.

Certainly there have been few words expended by the conservatives on Ronald Reagan. Where are the biographies and essays? Where is the official legend? All we have yet seen are a few uncomfortable pleasantries, mostly from liberals, and neckties featuring the austere countenance of the late Adam Smith.

This far into the Carter Administration there was already a long bookshelf of admiring studies. There were essays, and the legend of the populist fervors had grown rococo. It endures. Carter's presidency was a disaster. His memoirs are so bad that he who reads them hazards brain damage. Yet the reviewers reiterate the legend: very smart, very honest, very sincere, enigmatic. Enigmatic? Yes, one of the most transparent of politicos has always been held to be enigmatic, especially in the Washington press corps, where the buddy system remains the rule.

Or consider the ready solemnizing that the liberals performed upon Teddy Kennedy's recent exit. With alacrity the poetry flowed. "Nothing has so become Senator Kennedy lately as the manner of his leaving the 1984 race," Anthony Lewis sang in the *New York Times*. "He was prompt. He was decisive . . . relaxed

(*continued on page 35*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CONTINUING CRISIS

•December has slipped away and 1982 and the first week of January too; and through all that time the pundits have been composing their mid-term report cards on our Ron. It has been a painful task for all involved. The Left sees only famine in the streets and debauchery in the suburbs. The Right sees Ron metamorphosing into a non-golfing Eisenhower. The Liberals, however, write under the most ghastly strain of all: they have no Messiah, no chiliastic vision, and so they have no "analysis," no raison d'être, no spirit. There is no one plausible around to tell them what to say, and their hoary platitudes no longer satisfy even them. Hence Ron at mid-term comes off as unsatisfactory but not impeachable. For the Liberals life has lost its meaning.

•Life will get even worse for them in 1983, if, as the evidence suggests, the economy coughs and sputters to life. Then they will find themselves instinctively writing encomiums to the White House Coolidge, calling their brokers, and affecting the manners and practices of the bourgeoisie. Ultimately they want to be with the winners, but they will have left their church, and they will not be happy.

•Actually our Ron has done O.K. He lives in a city filled with dreamers and charlatans who have been turning increasingly vicious in their attempts to ambush him. He is low on assistant presidents who know what he knows; but he slogs ahead, rebuilding our defenses, trying to keep taxes down while not actually cutting them, trying to deregulate an economy that looks ever more like that of Italy. I give him a B-minus, knowing that without him we would have double-digit inflation, almost double-digit unemployment, colossal interest rates, Bulgarians advancing on New York, and an army of New Age reformers hard at work on their guinea pigs, to wit: us. If Ron embraces the Hon. Jack Kemp of New York and a few more like him, next year he gets a B-plus.

•Jakarta, Indonesia, and from this booming metropolis comes word that three hundred dogs will be done in to solemnize the arrival of the new year in the West Java capital of Bandung. Jogging claimed the life of Mr. David Blue, 41, the renowned Greenwich Village folk singer who keeled over in New York City. Memorial services were held at the Chinese Chance restaurant, reflecting Mr. Blue's long interest in food and cats. Comedian Marty Feldman died and was buried in the Hollywood Hills' Forest Lawn Memorial Park, where, amid Dixieland tunes played by a five-man jazz band, Mr. Henry Pollock glorified him: "Marty Feldman never liked funerals, so I guess he wouldn't have liked this one. But he showed up anyway, didn't he." A clandestine group calling itself the Animal Liberation Front raided Washington, D.C.'s Howard University Medical School laboratory and cabbaged two or three dozen cats, some of which were being used to study the effects of drugs on nerve transmission. A spokeswoman for the group, who insisted that she had not been a party to the heist, declared in a telephone interview that Howard University had been singled out because Washington contains "a number of radical groups willing to risk jail for their fellow creatures." An obvious point that, yet Miss Holly Jensen went on to explain, "I have a passion and conviction about the rights of my fellow creatures," leading some officials to the hypothesis that Miss Jensen's group is actually in the business of supplying the staples for local Chinese restaurants—"passion and conviction," come off it, Holly.

•Jakarta, Indonesia, and from this booming metropolis comes word that the Ministry of Labor will once again allow members of Indonesia's fair sex to work abroad, with but two caveats: a) they be accompanied by their husbands, and b) they be neither "attractive nor sexy." The Chinese newspaper *Guangming* reports a revival in the kidnapping and sale of women and children. Such infamies had apparently been on the wane in the People's Republic, but since the Cultural Revolution business has been brisk. *Guangming* reports that a two-year-old will fetch $100. Prices for women were not available. On December 10 Greek Prime Minister Andreas Papandreou became the first West European leader officially to back the antinuclear movement. Mr. Papandreou enunciated his support during a one-hour gabble adumbrating the kind of nuclear-free zones that were so popular in Sweden before Soviet subs began slamming into the Swedish shoreline. And in Hartford, Connecticut, a legal-aid lawyer filed a class-action lawsuit on behalf of 300 to 500 disabled Medicaid recipients demanding that the state provide them with special $3,000 wheelchairs, convertibles in DeLorean stainless steel.

•Jakarta, Indonesia, and from this booming metropolis comes word that a youthful Islamic defendant on trial for subversion has begged leave from being tried by a female judge. *Kompas*, the Jakarta newspaper, reports the inflamed youth as having testified that "the sight of her excites me sexually," which ought to doom any thoughts the comely justice ever had of exiting Indonesia, no matter how many husbands go with her. In Peking, Prime Minister Zhao Ziyang has denounced a disturbing outbreak of "female infanticide." The crime is almost wholly associated with the proletariat, and the editors of this pre-Marxist journal would be remiss if we did not point out that in pre-Marxist China "female infanticide" was practically never committed by the rich landlords—though, of course, back then Shirley MacLaine had yet to visit China. Miss Elizabeth Taylor's ten-day trip to the Middle East "to bring peace between Israel and Lebanon" was badly disrupted when her limousine crashed into an Israeli security car, damaging one of her priceless ligaments.

•Throughout December the Polish government promised to end martial law, and possibly it did, yet on December 16 Mr. Lech Walesa's attempt to speak to a group at the Gdansk shipyard was brought to foozle when he was dragged into a car by government agents and driven around the city for hours, and Gdansk is no Paris. In New York City it now appears that Miss Cibella Borges, who has been suspended from the police department's Public Morals Division for posing naked in *Beaver* magazine, mistook the magazine for a publication of the American Medical Association. According to her testimony, when the lewd photographs were taken in April 1980 she was under the misapprehension that she was suffering from cancer of the ovaries. And in Los Angeles, Mr. Thomas Reilly, a motorcycle policeman in the television series "CHiPs," was arrested by the real thing and charged with driving while drugged.

•In church news, Islamic fundamentalists being tried for sedition in Cairo suffered doubts when a sudden darkening of the courtroom, which they exultantly had attributed to Allah, turned out to be the result of a blown fuse. The Rev. Howard L. Meyer of Schenectady, New York's First Assembly of God was arrested in Phoenix, Arizona on charges that he defrauded church members of $104,000 in November 1981 when he told them he was going to invest their money in ties for a railroad.

•In Nashville, Tennessee, Mr. Jack Lutz, an unemployed handyman who writes poetry and novels under the pen name David Stillman, canceled plans to auction himself off when state Attorney General William Leech notified him that his plan might run athwart certain ancient Tennessee statutes governing involuntary servitude, human bondage, raffling, and gambling. The wondrous power of the television art was again demonstrated when a Hamilton, Alabama man, after watching "The Executioner's Song," laid his own claim to fame by picking up a gun and blasting the daylights out of his grandparents. Finally, disorder broke out in the Overtown section of Miami after police shot Mr. Nevell (the Snake) Johnson while trying to disarm him. A mob of concerned citizens gathered. Some pretended to whip guns from their belts (laughter on the outside, etc.), and hundreds of poor people struggled desperately to loot a nearby liquor store. —*RET*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jakub Karpinski

REFLECTIONS ON THE STATE OF POLAND

Martial law or no, Solidarity lives.

As I write, a full year of martial law has not yet passed. But by the time this article appears in print, the "state of war" in Poland will most probably have ended, the authorities having decided to grant some concessions (such as the release of the internees) but not to return to the "prewar" situation (before December 13, 1981). Certain ingenious innovations introduced during martial law will no doubt be preserved and consolidated by those regulations that will have become law in December 1982. The state of war brought far-reaching limitations on freedom—in a way well known to students of War Communism. After all, the juxtaposition of war and Communism is not new; War Communism in the Soviet Union provided a model Communism, a system in which society as a body independent of the state does not exist, and in which the people act as an army of producers subordinated to the party-state rulers.

In Poland, the martial-law decrees militarized many enterprises and even whole branches of industry (e.g., mining), making work at these enterprises compulsory. The "parasite law" of October 26, 1982 made it mandatory for men between the ages of 18 and 45 to be employed. The restrictions on free access to consumer goods—the rationing system—will not be abolished soon. Severe penal sanctions—for crimes not well defined but considered dangerous by the authorities—constitute further drastic limitations on freedom. Such sanctions prove that the protection of the state from its citizens is one of the principal aims of the Communist legal system. Above all, this system protects the state from citizens' coalitions, from agreements independent of the state, from the exchange of information without the authorities' consent. The martial-law decrees reinforced these features of the Communist legal system, and the new trade-union law of last October 8 together with the "parasite" law have not only limited freedom of association and freedom in the labor market, but also extended penalization into new areas, such as unlicensed union activities and "parasitism."

The Polish authorities would like to minimize any concessions and introduce "normalization"—a Polish mutation of the Hungarian and Czechoslovak patterns—in hope of consolidating fear and strengthening the feeling that revolts are futile, that there is no need to do anything jointly and independently, and that one should submit to the (sometimes stern) tutelage of the authorities.

Will "normalization" succeed? We all want to learn from history, even though we know it does not repeat itself in every detail. The system is changing, but has existed long enough to show where it is most resistant to change, in other words, to show its very essence. Solidarity's advisers seem to have disregarded this essence when in 1981 they told workers that the state power had collapsed, that Solidarity and the Party were in the same boat, that the Communist authorities wanted an agreement as much as they did. The union was being appeased, the government's intentions falsely presented as peaceful, and Solidarity was thus unprepared for the state of war. At the same time the authorities were openly conducting negotiations with the union, they were secretly preparing lists of future prisoners, putting final touches to the decrees on militarization of industry, on banning assembly, travel, and publications, and were planning such actions as the cutting of telephone lines and the distribution of military and police detachments. On December 13, 1981, the authorities staged an unprecedented communications blockade and thus introduced a quasi-class division of society—between the owners of the means of communication (the militarized state) and those with no access to these means (the atomized individuals subordinated to the state).

The preparations for, and subsequent introduction of, martial law in Poland in December 1981 might be seen as the largest (so far) military-police maneuvers of the Warsaw Pact forces. The state of war demonstrated how Communist authorities can tame a society even under unfavorable conditions, after a period of what by Communist standards had been an unusual degree of self-organization by society. It proved possible to impose martial law precisely because of the characteristics of the Communist system: the state and party controlled virtually all industry and means of communication (radio, television, tele-

---

Jakub Karpinski is author of Countdown: The Polish Upheavals of 1956, 1968, 1970, 1976, 1980 . . . (*Karz-Cohl Publishing, Inc.*).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

phones, teletypes), not to mention their ownership of the army and police—the pillars of the system, which Solidarity had done nothing to erode before December 1981.

There is, however, the other side, the resisting Polish society which had been regaining its autonomy, assembling around the Catholic Church, organizing itself in Solidarity, in associations such as Rural Solidarity, in professional groups such as the writers, journalists, and actors guilds, and in the Independent Students Association.

The authorities in Poland (and in the Soviet Union) are no doubt wondering how permanent the changes in social attitudes stimulated by Solidarity will prove to be, which of Solidarity's achievements will persist. Solidarity was in the forefront of rebuilding a civil society in Poland, a society independent of the authorities; Solidarity was not an ordinary trade union because it did not exist in an ordinary institutional environment. Apart from the Church and a few oppositional groupings, there was before Solidarity only the party-state apparatus and its claims to total control over social and political life. The workers, peasants, intellectuals, and Church were to test the limits of this control, to see what could be extracted from the party's control and salvaged for the independent society.

The most important lesson from Solidarity's overt activities consists in its work and creativity in the social field, in the creation of institutions and alliances, in disseminating a democratic and legal culture, in learning how to translate social interests, aspirations, and ideas into law understood as a binding contract. These achievements include the projects for a union charter and statute; drafts of legislation, such as the state enterprise bill, the industrial self-management bill, the university education bill; guidelines for economic reform; projects for changes in electoral laws governing local elections. The educational section of Solidarity prepared a reform of the nation's education system and school curricula.

Another major Solidarity gain was in the realm of free speech, which the authorities still have not been able to destroy. Words—and the freedom to exchange them—are important in public life because it is through them that culture is formed and social projects created. What was gained is the freedom to speak about important matters, the possibility to create a national culture, to teach and do historical research and communicate the results to one's fellow citizens. These freedoms are precious not only for intellectuals (though not for all, for there are intellectuals who do not care about freedom and would not care to fight for it), but also for ordinary people who discovered that it is possible to speak about important matters without mendacity, in a language different from the official one. In its wide-ranging platform Solidarity did not use the word "socialism" even once. The authorities felt offended, of course, but this omission was an example of an attempt to purify and enliven the political language. We must remember that the word "Communism" is rarely used in the official language, the existing system euphemistically referred to as "socialism." Uncritical use of "socialism" would have been synonymous with accepting the Party oligarchy and Poland's subordination to the Soviet Union.

Open and legal Solidarity actions were a lesson in democracy, i.e., in collective decision-making that reflects majority opinion (even if indirectly). Such democracy is unknown in a Communist system which considers it contrary to its principles. "Socialist democracy" is spoken of officially, but it has nothing to do with democracy in a normal sense. Indeed, calls for free elections are treated as attempts to overthrow the system (a view shared by a part of the American media).

Solidarity was striving not only for democracy (both within the union and for society at large), but also for respect of minority rights (which doesn't always go hand in hand with democracy). Solidarity paid particular attention to the fate of national minorities that exist to this day in Poland, and defended the principles of tolerance and freedom as "the basic pre-conditions for the development of a culture" (see "The First Solidarity Congress Program Declaration on National Culture"). The tone of official propaganda was completely different, both before December 1981 and especially after. Its purpose was to sovietize Polish society, to inculcate it with intellectual immaturity and a lack of self-reliance, to create internal conflicts and suggest spurious solutions, prejudice, and hate instead of answers.

Solidarity has sometimes been described as a traditionally Polish romantic (or idealistic) political movement, which failed to take reality into consideration. These labels, however, are inappropriate. They do not explain Solidarity's successes before the declaration of martial law. They do not take into account the vast majority of union activists, who deliberately avoided any political actions or even declarations that could be interpreted as such. Moreover, Solidarity (like the West) never expected that an internal invasion would be mounted by the internal (nominally Polish) army and the internal (nominally Polish) police.

Solidarity was urged to be reasonable, but reason cannot mean capitulation, particularly intellectual capitulation, i.e., the adoption of the Communist Party's language. Solidarity was re-creating social life, which strictly speaking exists under Communism only as an exception. The possibilities opened by the Solidarity movement have not been forgotten. It's as if circumstances compelled Solidarity to save the soul of the nation, to counteract the sovietization of Poles, to fight fear, the lack of responsibility, the isolation of individuals, and atomization of society. Achievements in this domain cannot be measured precisely, but they will remain the most persistent.

These achievements were vividly illustrated on November 10, 1982, when after eleven months of martial law there were still workers trying to go on strike or participate in street demonstrations. Before November 10, the authorities had undertaken broad antistrike preparations: military and police patrols in the factories and streets were reinforced; union leaders

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

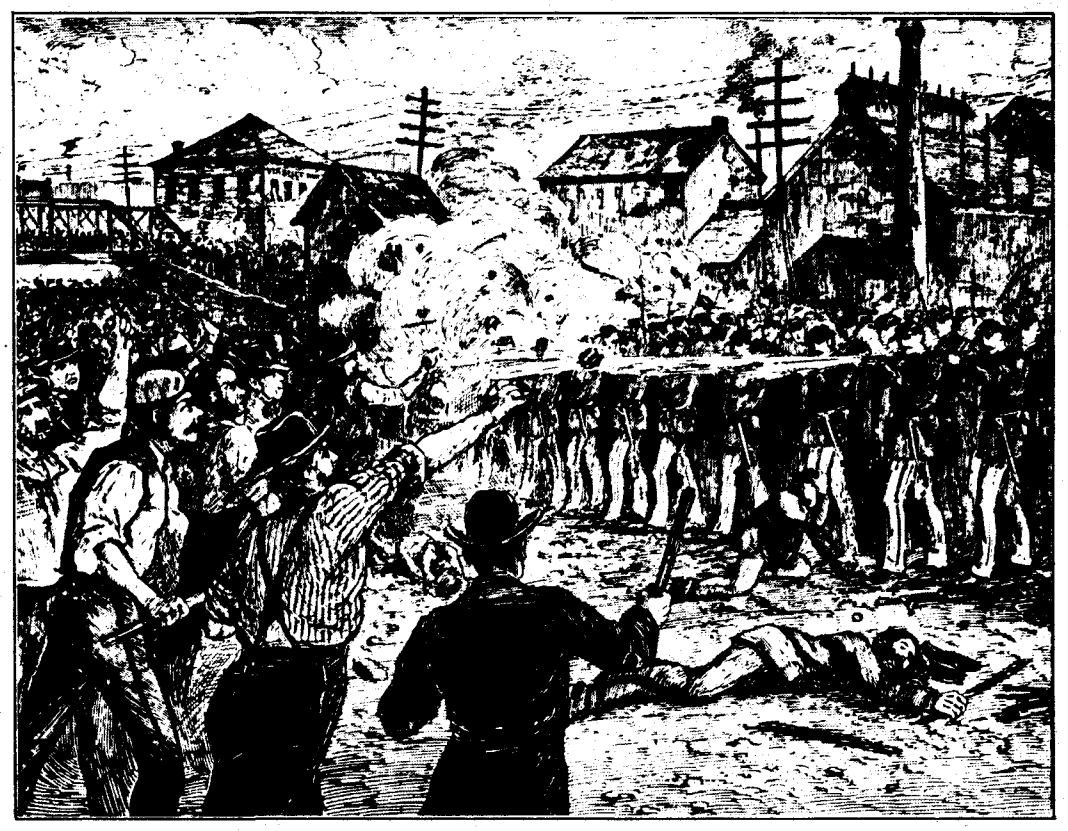
and potential leaders had been fired and arrested ever since December 13, 1981. The attempt at a general strike on November 10 proved unsuccessful simply because it was too difficult to pull off. Yet despite repressions people have not lost courage. They have lost neither the aims of collective action, nor the ability to organize toward this end. There exist hundreds of underground publications which serve as gathering points for the independent movement. The underground Solidarity leadership remains active, though it has great difficulty in communicating with millions of union members. It seems that underground activities now need less centralization.

Jaruzelski's concessions (insignificant, so far) have created conditions for new bargaining. The strength of Solidarity's position in this bargaining derives from the national awareness of its achievements of 1980-1981 and the existence throughout martial law of the so-called "front of refusal"—a refusal to collaborate with the institutions set up by the martial-law authorities, with the new Party-sponsored organizations, and with the state-owned mass media.

Certainly, the "front of refusal" is not universal. There have been collaborators, even among the artists. When Communism was taking its first steps in Poland immediately after World War II, it was not difficult to find collaborators from artistic milieus, and the new regime's activists did not grumble as they do today that journalists refuse to write for the official papers and that actors refuse to perform on state-owned television. During the 12 months of martial law the situation has become clear: both the intellectuals and the workers (a new and young group, formed largely under the Communist system) know who the enemy is and why. Bankers and "liberals" in the U.S. and some socialist leaders in Western Europe may like Communism, but it is disliked by those who have personally experienced it.

"Realism" has had a following in Poland for well over a century. During the partitions of the nineteenth century, Poles were exhorted to perform "organic work," i.e., to forget politics and concentrate instead on developing Polish economic and educational interests. The assumption underlying "organic work" was that it could transpire independently of the powers dominating Poland politically. Jaruzelski's regime has proved that such "realism" is not possible: pointed bayonets do not create conditions conducive to independent growth of the national economy or to the development of education. Besides, what is being sought is independence from a party and state which represent the interests of a foreign power, the Soviet Union. Society's independence from the authorities can be reconciled (though with great difficulty) with Communism (as Solidarity proved), but only under constant social pressure caused by the relative strength of society and the relative weakness of the authorities. In other words, independence from the state occurs only when the advocates of social pressure (the very people accused of "romanticism" and "idealism" by the "realists") act and organize themselves.

In every social group there are courageous people and those not courageous, some more apt to take risks than others. The risk of a general strike in Poland during the year of martial law proved considerable. A general strike might have been successful in March 1981, after the Bydgoszcz incident where union activists were beaten by police on March 19. Mindful of the threat to the union's existence and the authorities' unwillingness to reveal those responsible for the beatings, Solidarity proclaimed an unlimited general strike for March 31, 1981, only to call off the strike at the very last moment. Some have argued that this was the high point of the union's strength vis-à-vis the regime: the union had a full organization at its disposal, and there was a kind of social peace. The latter, however, proved limited, not only because of the Bydgoszcz beatings but also because of arrests of union activists and a strong anti-union campaign in the state-owned media, in the Communist Party, and in the army (internal propaganda for the police was probably no different). The possibilities for social mobilization that existed in March 1981 are no longer at hand. The Communist authorities proclaimed the state of war in part to deprive Polish society of the organizational possibilities it enjoyed in March 1981.



The underground press has published a number of discussions of the strategy and tactics underground Solidarity should pursue. One author has termed the union's situation vis-à-vis the regime as "a dialogue with the terrorist." Similar rules apply: one should not expect gratitude from the terrorist, nor should one enter into any gentleman's agreement with him. Far better to be aware that the terrorist has his own interests and will make concessions only in the face of decisiveness and the realization that he has no other choice.

A dialogue with the terrorist has been taking place ever since the Bolshevik coup d'état of October 1917. The nature of this dialogue was misperceived by Franklin Roosevelt and by the many followers of his approach to Soviet-U.S. relations. Anyone who thought that Poland—or Solidarity—could escape the rules of this dialogue was proved wrong.

Names of organizations created by the martial law authorities include such terms as "national salvation" and "national revival," "patriotic movement" and "consultative council." A number of councils, committees, and movements have been formed. Some members in return for joining the terrorist's camp hope to enter into a dialogue with him. The terrorist says: join with me, and I will be milder (observers of the West European political scene may notice something familiar here).

As I write, Brezhnev is dead and we know that "the socialist camp" is now being governed by the chief of its leading institution. The American media have already discovered his mild personality, and even good intentions: television and newspaper reporters have informed us about "defectors" from the KGB and their testimony that Andropov opposed the invasion of Afghanistan and that he truly favors disarmament (possibly we shall soon read that he also opposed the Soviet intervention in Hungary). What a pity such information reaches us so late and that people in the "socialist camp" will

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

probably never learn about the mild disposition and cultural refinement of their new leader.

Lech Walesa is a free man again. After his release from internment he said: an agreement, yes, but not on my knees. He seems to know how to conduct this dialogue, and knows that it is better not to enter one conducted at gun point. Underground Solidarity made popular the slogan: "There is no freedom without Solidarity." Thousands of union activists and others are still in prisons, sentenced for or accused of such political crimes as conducting union activities during martial law (these prisoners should not be confused with the internees, whose numbers are relatively small, a confusion clearly intended by the Jaruzelski regime).

If under its new leadership the Soviet Union wants to make a good impression on the West, it may be to Poland's advantage: Poles know not to take such Soviet attempts too seriously, but such attempts may facilitate concessions. It is up to the Poles to know the difference between genuine concessions and being dragged deeper into the Soviet camp. But it is precisely the ability to make this distinction that is one of Solidarity's achievements. □

Maurice J. Holland

AMERICA'S FEDERALIST HERITAGE REDISCOVERED

All powers not explicitly granted to Washington are reserved for the states, agreed? The Tenth Amendment and a three-day meeting at Yale last spring proffered alternatives to elephantiasis on the Potomac.

With the possible exception of judicial review, the most distinctive and, at least according to the original understanding, most important feature of the American constitutional order is the federal structure of the Union. By their dispersal of power between the central government and the states, the Framers of the United States Constitution endeavored to create a nation sufficiently unified to foster commerce on a continental basis and to command respect abroad, while at the same time preserving the benefits of local self-government within relatively small geographical and jurisdictional spheres. A complex and delicate balance was delineated in the work of the Philadelphia Convention, whereby the responsibilities of conducting military and diplomatic affairs, coining money, and regulating interstate commerce were assigned to the central authority, while jurisdiction over most areas of life of immediate concern to ordinary citizens, including crime, tort, property matters, domestic relations, and commercial dealings, was reserved to the states.

No recondite grasp of U.S. history is needed to recognize that American federalism has taken something of a battering in the twentieth century, and the reasons are hardly obscure. The two World Wars, the Great Depression, the civil rights movement, and the proliferation of federal grant programs have all contributed to degrading the role of the states to the point where they seem to be little more than administrative subdivisions of the Washington behemoth. The watershed was, of course, the New Deal, and Louis Brandeis and Felix Frankfurter can serve as representative figures in this transformation and the political realignment that accompanied it. As recent revelations have served to underscore, Brandeis was in many ways the last of the great liberal advocates of "states' rights," localism, and decentralization of government power. His views were in this respect markedly different from those of Frankfurter, his protégé and successor on the Supreme Court, who, like most New Dealers, believed in "national solutions to national problems," of which they tended to see a remarkable abundance.

The days of New Deal, bread-and-butter liberalism are now long past, but the subsequent shift of the liberal agenda from such questions as the rights of labor, income maintenance, and business regulation to such matters as protected status for heterodox "lifestyles," extirpation of "sexist stereotypes," and "attitude adjustment" or "consciousness raising" by means of educationist psychodramas, has, if anything, brought even greater insistence on investing Washington with ever more plenary authority at the expense of states and localities. The reasons for this preference are not far to seek. To begin with, contemporary liberalism has largely lost its historic confidence that its programs will flourish at those levels of government closest to the popular grass roots. Moreover, priority-reordering is an expensive business, and only in the federal treasury can tens of billions in increased revenue be found every year without the resistance that explicitly voted tax hikes would arouse from the electorate. There is also the camouflage against voter scrutiny which the sheer intricacy of the Washington government apparatus supplies. In Washington, far more than in state capitals, a great deal of public policy is made by officials accountable to the electorate only in the most attenuated way—the career personnel of the huge "permanent government," the agency and congressional staffs, and, of course, by no means least, the judges.

Federalism being a constitutional as well as a political value, one might suppose that the powerful forces working against it would have been resisted at least to some degree by the legal profession. Instead, for at least a generation, American law

Maurice J. Holland teaches law at Indiana University.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

students, particularly those attending schools conventionally ranked among the elite, have been imbued with the glamour and primacy of the federal government, and taught to believe that the overriding of the variegation of state law by uniform federal law is both a desirable and inevitable development. Courses in state constitutional, statutory, and common law have been displaced to a considerable degree by offerings in various fields of federal law. The very existence of state jurisdiction is often depicted as a regrettable archaism which more congressional activity and "creative" decisions by federal judges will, with luck, further shrink in importance. The result is that lawyers now achieving prominent positions in the profession, whether as judges, practitioners, or academics, are unlikely to prove staunch defenders of federalism. Indeed, the positions espoused by the American Bar Association on federalist issues are unlikely to differ significantly from those of such inveterate partisans of enhanced federal power as the ACLU or the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights. As for the Supreme Court, so avidly disposed toward expansive interpretations of those provisions of the Constitution which grant power to the central government or which curtail that of the states, it has over the last few decades virtually nullified the Tenth Amendment, which purports to reserve to the states all powers not explicitly granted to Washington.

Given this rather bleak background, the emergence of a national organization, composed primarily of law students and professors, dedicated to a resuscitation of federalism and other conservative values, is a development as surprising as it is heartening. Appropriately calling itself the Federalist Society, this new group, true to its formative spirit, is a confederative outgrowth of student efforts which over the past five years have taken independent root on a number of campuses and managed to flourish there in their own local soil despite an often chilly institutional climate. At Harvard Law School, for example, the Federalist Society is manifested in the form of the Harvard Society for Law and Public Policy, which, despite the lack of any subvention of the kind normally extended to student publications on the other side of the ideological fence, has managed to produce a lively journal of high quality devoted to scholarly writing on law and related disciplines from a frankly acknowledged conservative perspective. This journal has played a uniquely valuable role in recent years, since most law reviews, under the guise of scholarly objectivity, are notably inhospitable to articles which do not hew to the liberal line.

The emergence of the Federalist Society as a national organization was marked by a three-day symposium last April at Yale Law School. The topic for consideration was apt, if a bit obvious: "Federalism: Legal and Political Ramifications." Students and professors from more than twenty law schools across the nation assembled, along with judges, practicing attorneys, government officials, and political scientists, to deliberate about the parlous state of American federalism and the prospects for its regeneration.

The proceedings got off to a rather awkward start when the keynote speaker, Robert Bork, the former Yale Law professor and U.S. Solicitor General recently appointed to the District of Columbia Court of Appeals, began by remarking that federalism was nearly a lost cause, at least as a judicially enforceable doctrine. Bork noted that on only one occasion since the mid-1930s, in a decision which has spawned no progeny in the decade since it was handed down, has the Supreme Court struck down an Act of Congress for encroaching on the powers constitutionally reserved to the states. Rather, the Justices have been in the forefront of a powerful movement to disable the states from reflecting, as the Framers envisioned they would, the diversity of opinion and values prevalent at the local level. Entitling his talk "The Supreme Court and the Gentrification of the Constitution," Bork charged that the Justices have given egalitarian and socially permissive "lifestyle" values fashionable with "New Class" professionals the force of constitutional law, freely minting new "rights" enforceable against states and localities. There is, of course, nothing objectionable about the judiciary's overriding of majoritarian opinion, local or otherwise, in order to vindicate a right genuinely derived from the Constitution. The problem, according to Bork, is that the Court, more responsive to the national media and to various "noninterpretivist" (i.e., make it up as you go along) theories of constitutional construction assiduously advocated by many leading academics than to mainstream opinion, no longer feels much constrained by the language of the Constitution, the historic intent of the Framers, or even its own precedent. It has, in other words, transformed itself into a policy-making body, a kind of super-legislature lacking in political accountability.

It used to be said that the Supreme Court, though not elected, nonetheless tended in one way or another to follow the election returns. Bork saw little evidence that this remains true, either in the sense that sitting justices have been influenced by what the election of conservative Presidents in three out of the four last elections might reflect about American public opinion, or in the perhaps more legitimate sense that jurists appointed by these Presidents might be expected better to reflect the electorate's manifest preference for a less imperious judiciary. Given his present office, Bork obviously could not single out specific Justices for praise or blame, and so he did not note, as he otherwise might well have, that Justice Rehnquist has not only cast his own vote consistently in favor of judicial restraint, but has also, by dint of his forcefully argued and scholarly opinions, moved the Court as a whole some distance away from the unbridled activism espoused by the majority of holdovers from the Warren era. The early returns on Justice O'Connor, particularly on federalist issues, are also encouraging.

Professor Charles Fried of Harvard Law School followed Judge Bork by asking what conservatives might legitimately and realistically expect from a revived federalism. He found history, particularly American history, not wholly reassuring. Proponents of greater local authority have often been found on the side of crackpot panaceas, petty tyranny, and stultifying abridgment of individual liberty and choice. The influence of the national government has often been a liberating force, as witness the movement to rid the country of the scourge of racial segregation perpetuated in the name of states' rights. Federalism is, after all, only concerned with the allocation of *governmental* power and, of itself, does little directly to ensure

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the vitality of the private sector, voluntary association, mediating institutions, or personal liberty. For all these reservations, Fried concluded that conservatives, who have become in our time the party of liberty, should find much to commend in a reinvigorated American federalism, since the mere fact of dispersal of governmental authority is conducive to a greater range of choices. The more policy options about such matters as education, welfare, and taxation, the greater the diversity of choice that will become available. If choice and competition have proved so effective in freeing consumers from the monopolistic tyranny of producers, there is every reason to believe that something analogous might be achieved if citizens were afforded a greater range of choice vis-à-vis their government, and this can be accomplished only by assigning more tasks and responsibilities to states and localities.

Professor Paul Bator, an authority on federal court jurisdiction, also of Harvard Law School, next spoke critically about the decline of judicial federalism, which has to do with the respective roles of federal and state courts and the terms of their collaboration. The extremely latitudinarian construction applied in recent years to the federal civil rights statutes, Bator argued, has needlessly drawn federal courts into a broad range of controversies between citizens and state or local officials where such federal intervention is often inappropriate. This is deplorable on a number of grounds: it demeans the dignity of the states, treating them as if they were wayward children; it dismisses state courts as impotent or untrustworthy to safeguard the rights of citizens; and it trivializes the function of federal courts by embroiling them in disputes which are often petty, frivolous, or, even if meritorious, do not require their special competence. Professor Bator cited a recent case in which federal jurisdiction was held to have been properly invoked by a state prisoner who had sought to recover damages after game materials he had ordered through the mail had somehow been lost by prison officials while he was in solitary confinement and ineligible to receive them. A federal court held this simple, apparently innocent, loss of the game materials to be an unconstitutional deprivation of property by the State of Nebraska. The court felt impelled to declare and enforce this right, even though the prisoner had not shown that redress was unavailable through an administrative remedy within the prison or, failing that, through a common law conversion action in state court. The unavoidable message such cases convey is that, in the eyes of federal judges, the State of Nebraska and its processes for securing justice to those subject to its jurisdiction are so defective they can properly be brushed aside on the slightest occasion. They also reinforce the notion that the natural posture of federal and state governments toward one another is adversarial.

The discussions at Yale were by no means confined to matters academic and jurisprudential. Theodore Olson of the Office of Legal Counsel of the Justice Department was on hand and, along with other government officials who spoke, shared some insights into the formidable practical obstacles in the way of implementing programs conducive to a revival of federalism. Aside from the enormous inertia which impedes any change in Washington, the Reagan Administration has been stymied by the fact that the laws enacted over the past fifty years have preponderantly favored highly centralized government power, and it is the constitutional obligation of the executive branch to see that those laws are faithfully executed. In other words, the Administration is often legally required to act in ways contrary to its political preferences, a constraint which is sometimes lost on its supporters. Despite Republican control of the Senate since 1980, no conservative majorities have yet materialized in Congress comparable to the liberal majorities which enacted the laws the Administration must now enforce. Unless such majorities are achieved by conservatives, no thoroughgoing "Reagan Revolution" will be possible.

One legislative proposal the Administration has actively supported in the name of federalism seems to me fraught with the possibility of unintended consequences. This is the bill to abolish the so-called "diversity jurisdiction" of the federal courts. The fact that a similar proposal was ardently backed by the Carter Administration should give some grounds for pause. In accordance with diversity jurisdiction, which was conferred by the Judiciary Act of the first Congress and has existed ever since, federal courts are empowered to adjudicate civil cases wholly involving questions of state law provided the litigants are citizens of different states. As the records of the Constitutional Convention show, the Framers' purpose in providing for this category of federal jurisdiction was to foster commerce among the states by giving litigants an alternative to state courts which, it was feared, might prove hostile to out-of-state claimants.

At first blush, abolition of the diversity jurisdiction might seem to accord perfectly with federalist principles, since it would remove federal courts from involvement with cases primarily within the purview of state law, such as most torts, actions for breach of contract, property disputes, and commercial transactions. Upon deeper consideration, however, the diversity jurisdiction might well be viewed as a wholesome restraint, at least psychologically, upon the more imperious proclivities of federal judges. Cases within the diversity jurisdiction, unlike those within the jurisdictional categories based upon constitutional or other federal substantive law, are typically mundane, workaday litigations involving only private disputes, of which the paradigm perhaps is the auto accident case. Federal judges tend not to like having to try such cases, in part, it seems, precisely because they are so unglamorous and routine. They do not afford opportunities for formulating grandiose equitable decrees, or preempting the authority of state and local officials, reorganizing school or electoral districts, superintending schools or prisons, minting novel and extravagant constitutional rights, or striking dramatic poses in defense of the despised and downtrodden. What better way to keep federal judges, itching to issue yet another "structural" injunction or eleventh-hour restraining order, harmlessly distracted than by requiring them to spend some of their time adjudicating grade-crossing collision or whiplash cases?

In a more serious vein, the diversity jurisdiction represents the only important area where federal judges are forced to keep in touch with the main currents of the law of prime concern to the ordinary citizen. It compels them to act as judges in the common law tradition, which incorporates a healthy element of judicial

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

modesty and practical restraint, and affords a needed corrective to the rarefied and open-textured quality of much of federal law. Perhaps most important of all, when presiding over cases within the diversity jurisdiction, federal judges are put in the unaccustomed position of being subordinate to state courts, precisely the opposite from their more familiar role of "headship and command." Retention of the diversity jurisdiction might well serve to reinforce much of the collaborative attitude which should ideally prevail between judges of federal and state courts. Thus I am led to caution Mr. Olson and the Administration: "New Federalism," by all means; abolition of the diversity jurisdiction, think again!

No gathering of conservatives would be complete, it seems, without the surfacing of the apparently *de rigueur* cleavage which often quite acrimoniously divides the traditionalist and libertarian wings of the movement, and so it transpired in New Haven. By calling for support of the Hatch Amendment, Professor John Noonan of Boalt Hall provoked impassioned dissent from many present who look to a resurgent federalism as a means of lessening government intrusion into the lives of individuals. This proposed constitutional amendment would effectively nullify the decision of the Supreme Court in *Roe* v. *Wade*, wherein a right to abortion virtually on demand was first declared, and would empower Congress to legislate criminal sanctions for many kinds of abortions now constitutionally immune from prosecution. Its only concession to states' rights is the proviso that state penalties for abortions would apply when they are more severe than those which Congress might enact.

Professor Noonan conceded that under the American federal system abortion has traditionally been within the exclusive purview of state law, but defended the Hatch Amendment's departure from federalist principles as a regrettable necessity brought about by the Supreme Court's unwarranted preemption of the issue, and by the practical exigencies of forging an effective coalition in support of a proposal moderate enough to have a chance of ratification, but also sufficiently effective to accomplish the overriding substantive purpose of protecting unborn life. These explanations were unconvincing to many of the symposiasts, who countered that if conservatives are to be truly principled in their espousal of federalist values, they must not flatly abandon them whenever they would make more difficult the attainment of one or another substantive goal. Noonan responded, with a discernable note of asperity, that an unduly ascetic attachment to the abstract, procedural ideals of federalism will reduce conservative intellectuals to furnishing accompaniment to a score of liberal victories in the political arena in the form of recondite lamentations and ineffectual handwringing.

Unanimity of opinion was not to be expected on this lively occasion, because the Federalist Society gives every sign at this early stage in its history of an exuberance wholly inconsistent with rigid adherence to any narrowly conceived "party line." And it will surely need all the exuberance, among other qualities, it can muster if it is to succeed in establishing a serious conservative intellectual presence within the legal profession, and especially within the academic branch of the profession. □

Ben Stein

BOASTING

Putting your mouth where your money is.

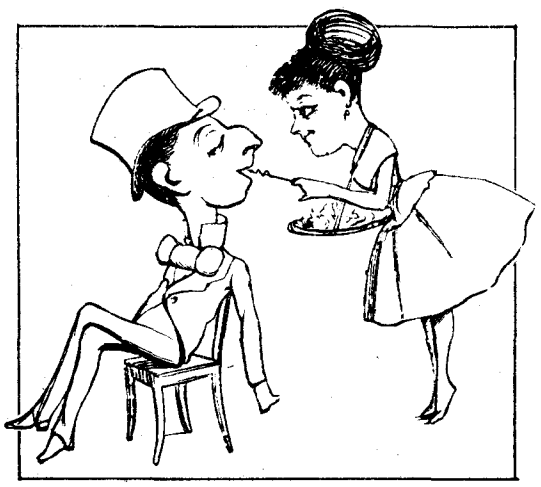
Dinner last week with N., who was a college classmate, who has become rich, his wife, A., the President of a New Major Film Studio, his wife, and S., my wife. It was a typical meal in Beverly Hills. While we waited for the fried pork-filled dumplings, the ceremony for which dinner is a mere pretext, the sacred boasting, began.

"Just lemme tell you about this kid who used to be our baby sitter," said N. "The schmuck tells me he needs to borrow my car to go out on New Year's Eve. He has a job or something. So, I tell him he can have the third car, the BMW . . . "

"The 733i," his wife added, "not some old 528."

"So," says N., "the kid takes the car and doesn't show up until the next morning, and the car is totaled. I told the kid if he didn't get out of the house in ten minutes I'd kill him." N. pauses to take a sip of his white wine. "It wasn't the money," N. says, looking me straight in the eye. "It was the idea that the kid had betrayed my trust."

"We can always get a new car," said the wife. "What do we care about that?"



"It's just a piece of steel and glass and if it costs forty thousand dollars, maybe forty-two, who cares?" N. says.

N. paused to take off his glasses and wipe them. That gave A. a chance to get into the conversation. He swiftly laid down his spareribs and asked, in one breathless rush, "Listen, I just got back from Europe. Have any of you guys ever traveled on Adnan Khashoggi's yacht? It's fantastic. I mean, really fantastic. First of all, you have to go to this hotel in Ibiza which has this elevator they've blasted out of solid rock. And just to get to use this elevator, you have to take at least an entire floor in the hotel. We took two floors, so it wasn't a problem. But when you get down to the beach, there's one of Khashoggi's men waiting in a launch to take you on board. The time I got on board, Khashoggi himself was just sitting on the deck and he asked me what I thought about the world recession. I told him, and he was so

Ben Stein is author, most recently, of Ludes: A Ballad of the Drug and the Dream (*St. Martin's/Marek*).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

impressed that he invited me to travel with him on his yacht for two weeks. It was fantastic. There were three chefs from Tour d'Argent and every day there would be new teenage girls swimming nude in his swimming pool on the yacht. It was amazing. Then he brought on board David Rockefeller and some other bankers and we all talked about the world economy. Then Adnan had his yacht take us to Venice, and we took a whole floor at the Gritti Palace, and then we took another floor just in case my kids from my first marriage came out to join us."

"We love the Gritti Palace," said N., who rushed in just as A. finished a sentence. "We usually take three floors there in case anyone wants to join us from back here in L.A."

"The thing I like about it is that it has a furrier right on the premises," said N.'s wife. "Last time I was there with N., it was a little cool and damp and I was really p.o.'ed that I'd forgotten my fur . . . "

"So I told her to just go down to the lobby and pick up a schmata and stop complaining. It meant one less thing to schlep through the airport anyway," he interjected, his mouth only partly filled with sesame prawns.

A. suddenly looked at N. slyly and asked, in a seemingly offhand way, "Uhh, how do you two usually get to Europe?" This was a trick question, but N. knew how to field it.

Barely pausing to think, N. said, "We usually take my plane to New York or D.C., and then we take the Concorde to Paris, then we usually take a whole car of the Orient Express to get down to Cap d'Antibes."

This was the right answer. I tuned out for a few minutes to whisper to my wife that I wished we were in prison. By now, I knew the ritual. This was going to be another Beverly Hills Boasting Dinner. That is a dinner at which successful men and women, usually Jewish but not always, sniff around each other like dogs, making sure that just the right smells come out in terms of cars, houses, travel, and the general ability to spend money as if it were water. These dinners have become as formalized and stylized as a court dinner in the reign of the Sun King.

First, there is the sacred determination of where the other guests live. There are certain neighborhoods that signify that one may enter the balance of the competition. I do not live in any one of them, so I am free to be a disgraced observer. Then there is the obligatory explication of just how and why it is painless—even a pleasure—to throw away money. (The all-time champ was the man in Beverly Hills who kept a limousine and driver for taking his teenage children to get pizza.) Then there is the essential determination of where one stays in Europe. In a normal conversation, the words "Claridge's," "The Dorchester," "The George Cinq," "The Crillon," "The Meurice," and always, always, always, "The Gritti Palace" appear. They are almost always linked with the words "an entire floor," or, at the least, with the words "one suite for me and Elissa and another one for Jason and Emily."

There are also permutations in which investments are discussed, but, interestingly enough, in very sketchy and general terms, such as "project notes, mumble, mumble, almost no commission if you buy in million dollar lots," or "mumble, mumble, got tired of waiting in lines so I started my own bank," or " . . . land looked like a nice place so I just bought the whole damned company . . . don't know what I'll do with the division that makes dialysis equipment."

The point is that from the very beginning of these dinners until the valet brings up the Silver Clouds or the Sevilles or the Ferraris, there is absolutely nothing but mad, can-you-top-this boasting. More to the point is that this boasting involves an extraordinary quantum of potlatch-type boasting, in which one boasts of his wealth by simply destroying large stores of value. And the most important point is how incredibly different this boasting is from what goes on at East Coast dinners, especially East Coast dinners attended by the heritors of Old Money.

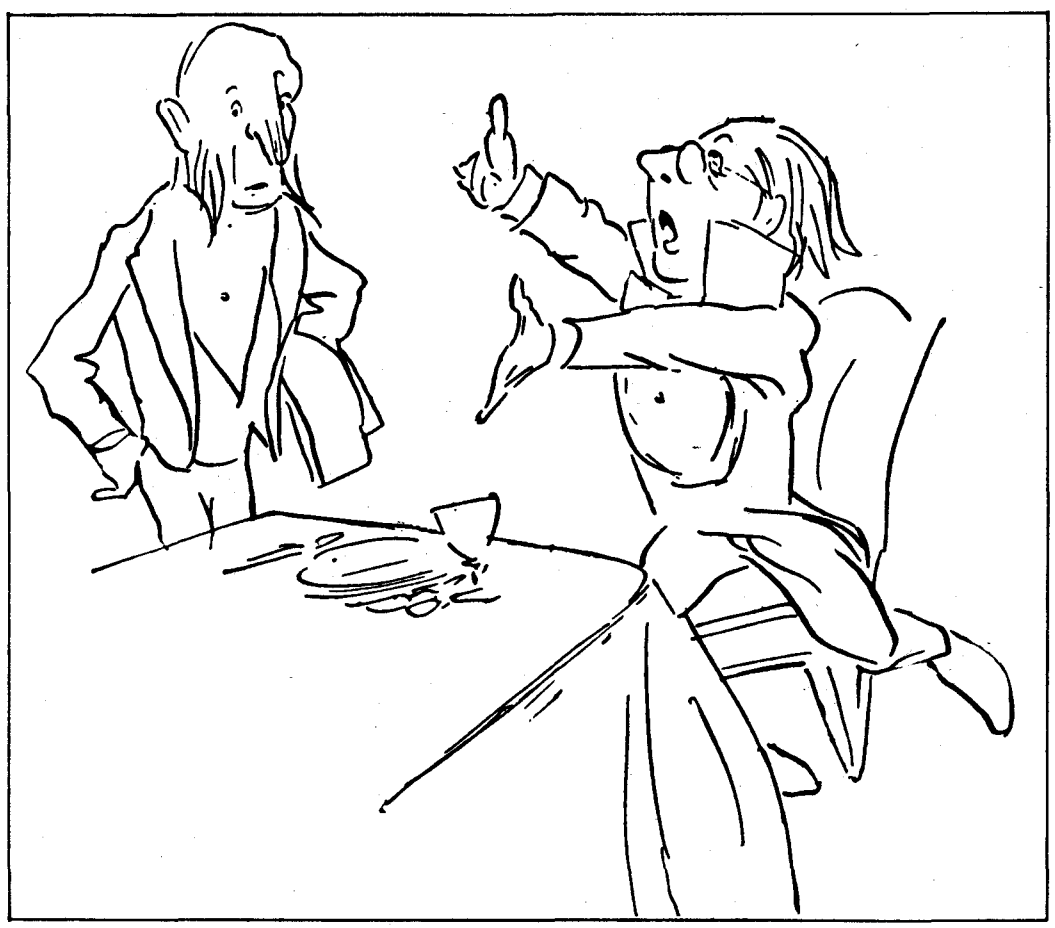
The boasting styles of Old Money Easterners, whether Jew or Gentile, are unbelievably different from the styles of New Money Californians. A few weeks ago I attended the gala anniversary dinner of a Man of Property and His Lady in a horsey part of Westchester County. Money had been in this family for four generations at least. They had so much money that they literally lived off the interest on the interest.

"You came here first class?" said the host. "I can't believe that. I always fly coach. Airlines make too damned much money anyway. I told my son if he wanted to come down from Dartmouth for Christmas he could damned well hitch a ride. I don't see why I should pay for it. Daughter called me up from Middleburg, said she'd taken a spill off a horse. Wanted to go into the hospital. Told her to wait a few days, see if she could walk by then. No reason doctors should have all my money."

I sat next to a woman whose husband is the CEO and largest stockholder of a chemical concern that is virtually a sovereign state unto itself. "I just found this new airline," she said. "Capitol Airlines. It's wonderful. You get fares that are lower than excursion. Now I can afford to visit my son and daughter in Florida. I told them to go out to the Salvation Army to buy a cot to put in the living room so that I could stay with them. I'm sick of paying all that money to the Holiday Inn."

Another woman at the table whispered to me that she still drove a twelve-year-old Gremlin (a subcompact version of a Rambler). "That's when I don't take the bus," she said. "Usually I just take the bus from Rye to Greenwich. Why should I pay all that money for parking?"

The boasting of extravagance by the newly rich and the exactly equivalent boasting of abstemiousness by the Old Rich are by no means original in this age. The part that is original, almost the only reason I bother to mention any of this, is the extraordinary predictability of human life. The phenomenon which happened in Mr. Chow in Beverly Hills a week ago and



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the phenomenon which happened in Rye one month ago could have been replicated in Rome two thousand years ago or in Athens twenty-five hundred years ago, or in Pithom thirty-seven hundred years ago, and perhaps in caves in Ethiopia before that.

Since I am just a spectator, entitled to boast of neither old nor new money, I offer only one observation on the maniac boasting of extravagance or stinginess. I will take the boasting of wild spending and potlatching any day of the week. Even if it is sickeningly self-obsessed, painfully hurtful to those of us who are poor, it still has some spark of exuberance, of effort, of joy in living. I thought of all that, and I offered those observations, and then I returned to the conversation at Mr. Chow, just at the point where N. was saying, "So Jason's Bar Mitzvah is coming up, and I said to him, 'Boychik, how would you and your friends like to go on a safari in Kenya on a chartered 747?' And you know what the little bandit says? 'Dad, I'd rather have your Ferrari.' That kid's gonna make us all look poor some day." □

John Train

WITH OUR FORCES IN WEST GERMANY

Are we ready in Europe?

As an infantryman, I know all too well that it always rains on maneuvers. Still, I was startled in the field with the Third Armored Division, to hit not only rain—as was inevitable—but snow . . . and in September! I did discover the merit of armor over infantry: you're a fat target, but while you last, you stay warm and dry. Sergeant Kelley's tank crew in Alpha Company was short a loader, so I climbed on board. Since you don't fire live ammo on maneuvers, and since the loader, who also acts as a spotter, has a separate hatch to look out of (until you button up under artillery or gas attack), I had a fine time grinding over the valleys and wooded hills of Bavaria, pitying the poor infantry down there in the freezing mud. The Third Division has M60-A3s: camouflage-painted fifty-ton iron monsters. They carry a huge 105mm gun, together with a 7.62mm machine gun mounted and armed with the 105, and a .50 caliber machine gun that is mounted in the turret and fired by the commander against aircraft or ground troops. In an exercise you fire blanks that give a satisfying bang, flash, and puff of smoke, to show that you've finished off a bad guy. At the end of a day slipping along treelines we finally broke out through artillery fire and protective smoke to overrun a defensive position, firing a blank salvo at our immediate target, a Vulcan antiaircraft unit. I think the Vulcan got quite a jolt. Our turn came, though, after we were unable to settle into good cover as we ended one rush.

"Sierra, you're dead," crackled in over the radio. I never quite knew what got us. An artillery burst, or perhaps an anti-tank missile. Anyway, we meekly swung our tube (as tankers often call a gunbarrel) to the rear and pulled off. On maneuvers you get resurrected, though, so after the prescribed pause we set off again. Still later, the real world, not the simulated battle, caught up with us. Working sidewise down a hill—an awkward movement—the M60 threw a track. Sergeant Kelley did some fancy cursing, but we were stuck, waiting for a repair vehicle. Night drew on. We would have been as helpless against the Soviet equivalent of a Cobra anti-tank helicopter or roving A-10 Thunderbolt attack plane as a raccoon caught in a trap.

The Cobra carries TOW missiles, and the A-10 has a 30mm cannon that fires 100 armor-piercing shells a second into a tank's lightly armored deck and makes a shambles of its innards. Tankers dread the A-10, a deadly jet that can fight on after half its skin has been shot away.

A sense you get out in the field is that between two well-matched teams every play has its counter. Infantry with TOW or Dragon missiles can kill a tank, but the armor calls down artillery to toss the infantry about, followed by its own infantry. A Cobra helicopter can rocket an armored personnel carrier or a tank, but a nearby Vulcan or Chapparal cuts up the chopper. Tanks have to coordinate with

John Train is author of The Money Masters, Remarkable Names, *and other books, and is a columnist in* Le Matin (*Paris*), Harvard Magazine, *and* Investors Chronicle (*London*).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their associated artillery, infantry, combat engineers (for minefields and fortifications), and air support, and communications can be jammed; but jamming requires a strong radio signal that aircraft can home in on and attack.

You're no more likely to find a real breakthrough than the coach of one pro football team is likely to devise a play or combination of plays that will roll up all the other teams—who incidentally will be scouting his games and plotting away themselves.

But that's not to say that breakthroughs never happen. They do, thanks to politicians and general staff officers who feel comfortable with the *status quo*. (It's failure that opens your eyes.) Thus, Napoleon never figured out a counter to Wellington's trick of having his men lie down on the far slope of a defended hill during an artillery barrage before the battle. Thus, the Germans in World War I shredded hundreds of thousands of British infantry with machine-gun fire before the British grasped its terrible power. Thus, the Germans unleashed the Blitzkrieg strategy in World War II, thus we walked into the Sunday punch of Pearl Harbor but riposted with the atomic bomb, thus North Vietnam won its war on the political battlefield that we neglected, and the Egyptians taught the Israeli Air Force a costly lesson about antiaircraft missiles.

Can the Russians be hatching such an overwhelming weapon or tactic today? And how well would our Army fight if the Russians did attack? Those two concerns had brought me to Europe. Besides taking to the field with Alpha Company, I visited USAREUR in Heidelberg, V Corps headquarters in Frankfurt, Third Armored Division headquarters, and many units in the field, including the American armor up in the Fulda gap, the traditional invasion route, facing across the border at East Germany. I spoke to hundreds of officers and hundreds of enlisted men. Here are some of my findings.

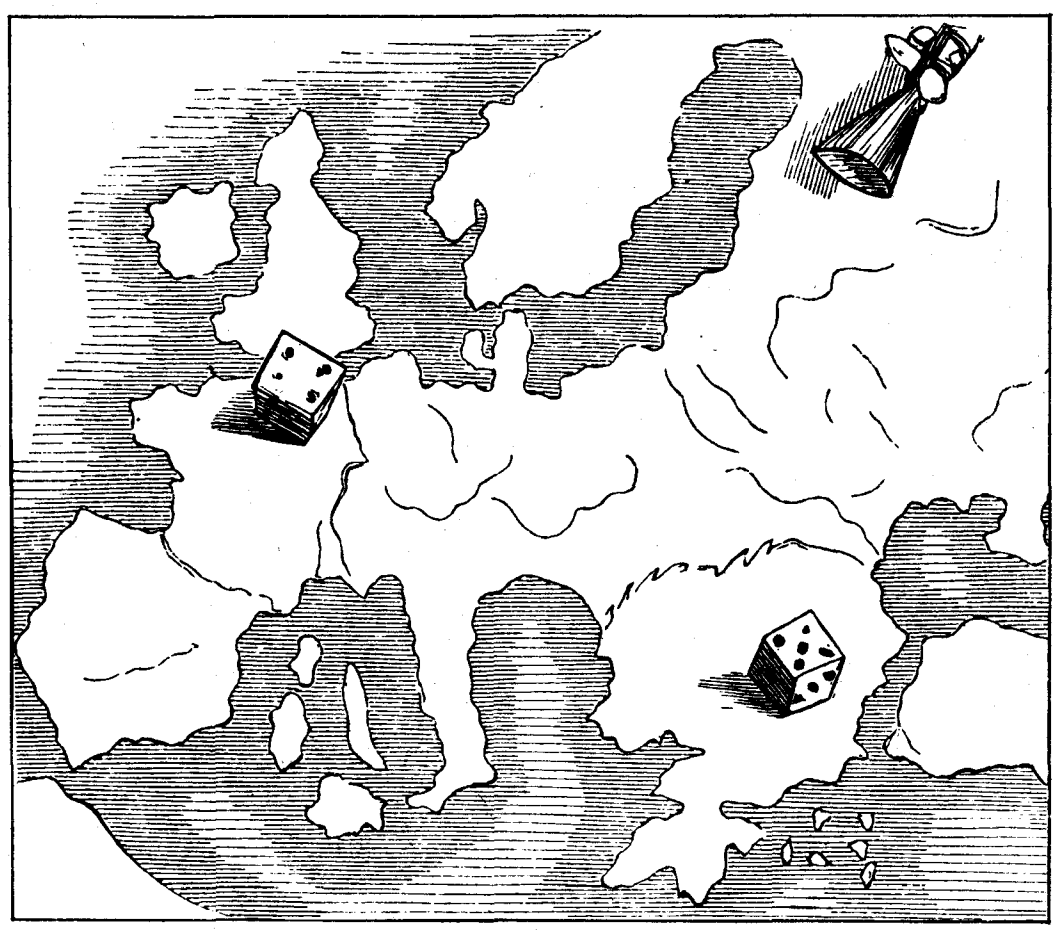
Regarding the quality of the volunteer Army—its ability to win in a fight—I conclude that it will give a good account of itself, but it ought to be better. The officers are very impressive: dedicated and able professionals, ahead of their civilian counterparts. They're in the Army to serve their country, to lead men, and to live that particular life, not to make money. The enlisted men are a mixed bag, but rapidly improving since the low point—very low indeed—of two years ago. Drugs have become a minor problem, but alcohol and marijuana persist. Far too many dimwits were recruited in the late 1970s. Many learned how to barely get along while moving up via seniority, and to this day still clutter the NCO ranks, although they are being flushed out as quickly as possible. At the same time great numbers of really good midcareer NCOs are retired because of better opportunities outside. Nearly a third of the Army is black, much too high a figure. The officer corps is nine-tenths white. Don't worry that 10 percent of the Army are women. They aren't up front, and those in the rear are often abler at, for instance, office work than their male counterparts, who are thus freed for combat. (Many of the single women have children, though.) But above all, things are improving from the low point touched under Carter.

The M1 tank is another one of today's controversial issues. Most of the criticisms of the M1 refer to various prototype stages, not the tank now being deployed. It's a marvelous weapon, about which the tankers themselves are very enthusiastic. It scoots like a rabbit across the open spaces where tanks are vulnerable (and where mine got "killed"). Its "Chobham" armor is a major advance—both stronger and lighter than conventional armor. Its passive thermal sight clearly discerns a target even one degree Fahrenheit warmer than its surroundings, right through the dust, fog, and smoke that cover a battlefield and that can blind ordinary tanks. You can distinguish a stag from a doe through the murk, for instance. (Infrared sights have a "signature" that alerts the target.) It holds its gun steady and shoots while moving, a great advantage. Its profile is almost a yard lower than its predecessor, my M60. Russian tanks have always been low-profile. Soviet tankers are recruited from very short soldiers—an excellent idea, with no disadvantages. Critics point out that the M1 has no blade to dig itself hull down into a defensive position. Very few tanks do: a support vehicle performs that function. The M1's speed is higher than its support vehicles, but tanks in Europe don't move continuously. They split into sections. One covers from a concealed position as the other section bounds forward. So except for brief rushes the whole column never moves at top speed.

Another criticism is that the M1's new turbine engine sometimes chokes on sand. That was a problem some years ago, but the air intake has been raised, and the filter and plumbing straightened out, so it's been solved. It remains a "hot ride," and thus an easier target, however.

One sometimes hears of miracle weapons, such as new missiles or mines, that will make the tank obsolete. Don't believe it. An armored unit's supporting artillery, air, and infantry try to root out infantry-operated missiles, and its antiaircraft weapons fight air attack. When the unit comes to a minefield, its combat engineers bring up a vehicle that shoots charges to blast a path through the minefield. Tanks are generally impervious to artillery, which inflicts most of the casualties in land battle.

Many commentators have noted the Russians' superiority in chemical/biological warfare. President Nixon renounced chemical warfare in the hope of increasing his popularity. He did: with the Russians. They hurried ahead with their chemical capability, and now have 100,000 Army chemical specialists to our 5,000. In particular, they have a better defensive capability. But our soldiers have chemical protective gear always close at hand, and would probably not be decimated by a surprise attack, although it's hard to fight in a heavy protective suit, especially in summer. However, any Russian surprise blow (called in the lingo the BOOB or Bolt Out Of The Blue scenario) could well



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

include a gas attack. Soldiers, incidentally, don't distinguish between being gassed and being blown up, shot, bombed, or irradiated, the way civilians do; they are trained to face death (and dish it out) in whatever form.

Once, we had a "qualitative edge" that offset the Russians' advantage in numbers. Not anymore. They and their allies are certainly more numerous: three to one or so, depending on what you count. Since they would be the invaders, they need more tanks than NATO, which, in turn, needs more anti-tank missiles and other defensive weapons.

However, the NATO armies, unlike our Air Force and Navy, no longer have superior equipment. That advantage was eroded over the last twenty years. Today the quality roughly balances out. On the other hand, the NATO troops may be better trained and should fight better than the Warsaw Pact armies. Russians are not outstanding soldiers. The Germans, with smaller numbers and inferior equipment, tore them apart at the start of World War II. The Bundeswehr will be far more formidable in the defense of its homeland than any mixed grill of Warsaw Pact conscripts who invade it. Furthermore, defenders know their terrain and have enough other advantages so that armies seek at least a three-to-one edge in the attack. (Soviet doctrine emphasizes surprise, which gives a big advantage.) And some Russian units will probably have to keep an eye on the satellites.

Yet many problems remain. Much army housing in Europe is deplorable, which discourages the NCOs and officers who can do better in civilian life—the very ones we need most. Many soldier families used to be so badly paid that they were entitled to food stamps. Then, under Carter, the equipment maintenance budget fell way behind. You can as easily lose a war because your trucks break down as for any other reason. On my trip I rode in several vehicles that were on the edge of breakdown or did break down.

Then, the Army is seriously cramped. It urgently needs more large areas to train in than the three it has now. Most units can only practice for four days—really only two in motion—once or twice a year on a maneuver area of realistic size—one big enough to deploy an armored brigade, with its supporting infantry, artillery, and air. Anything less is unrealistic, as though a football team practiced in groups of four or five men instead of all eleven together. Our tank officers say that with enough space they could get in about 70 percent more field training in the same amount of time. That would make a huge difference to their war-readiness, which, alas, is far from what it should be. The Germans should be pushed to make more training areas available.

There's also the question of supplies. Mechanized war consumes prodigious quantities of fuel and munitions, and we would run low if a war dragged on for several months. Of course, the Russians would run low, too, and in a long war might lose control of their satellites. Still, the short-war hypothesis that underlies our planning is exceedingly risky, and based on domestic politics rather than the needs of the situation.

A related headache is failure to achieve weapons and ammunition standardization, called "interoperability." Having fixed on the NATO 7.62mm round represents progress, but standardization remains a serious problem, one which the Warsaw Pact countries solved long ago. In a war, the unit I visited could find itself trying to help a battered Belgian outfit that couldn't use our ammunition or parts. Our trucks break down on German highways and can't be repaired by German mechanics. But what would Chrysler say if we bought German trucks?

Almost all the officers I spoke to favor reintroducing the draft, since the better quality of enlistee one gets through conscription would greatly improve operation of some of the Army's more complicated weapons systems. None, however, had a good answer to my observation that it would be cheaper to hold the technicians who operate these systems by giving them salaries—and prestige—competitive with the outside. They deserve it. On the other hand, through universal conscription the Russians add almost 2 million men a year to their reserve system, which now totals about 40 million. These reserves, which were used in Czechoslovakia and Afghanistan, are far from ideal, since they come from Soviet nationalities speaking different languages, but would make a decisive difference in a long war. Most of our officers, not surprisingly, think universal national service in the European style would be good for our young men.

I am not too concerned about the anti-American demonstrations one sees on TV. In all countries, you can get some people to demonstrate about anything if there's a camera crew around. Many polls show that most Germans have confidence in the U.S. For all that, the biggest single problem in NATO is the Germans' underlying hunger for reunification and a middle role between the West and Russia, based on resurgent nationalism and their perception of the U.S. as an unreliable patron. They—like the Russians—are well aware of the deterioration of our national character since World War II, and it affects the calculations of both.

Now we often hear from disarmament groups that the Russians think NATO might attack *them*. That's an absurd idea, which the Soviets put about only to play on their people's fears and our naiveté. The Kremlin knows that NATO suffers from roughly a one to three inferiority in strength, instead of the three to one superiority required for a successful attack.

There is also little chance that war could begin from a border incident that escalated. Germany has about the most clearly delineated frontier in the world. It has to be, with the people on the other side yearning to escape. The idea, for instance, that West Germany would be drawn into an East German uprising is ridiculous. They're flirting with neutralism as it is, have no atomic capability, and would be vastly outnumbered.

But could the Russians inflict a devastating surprise blow on NATO? USAREUR is confident that it can monitor the Warsaw Pact closely enough to give at least a few days' warning, and perhaps more. The troops would move out at once to dispersed positions. Alternatively, however, the Russians might move gradually toward a war footing. In such a situation the European parliaments might hesitate to order mobilization until it was very late—perhaps too late, just as they have gradually allowed the Russians to acquire an overwhelming superiority in both European conventional and nuclear power. (We have no deployed equivalent of the SS20.)

In the end, perhaps the key question is whether NATO is strong enough in conventional arms to do its job, and the answer is, no. A one-to-three inferiority is inadequate, particularly since Russian military doctrine emphasizes surprise. It is only the Soviets' fear of the inevitability of the conflict going nuclear that is providing stability. □

THE GREAT UNIVERSITIES

provided the ground for the important political leaders, philosophers, theologians, scientists, lawyers, poets, and religious of the past.

Our college program is based on the Humanities as discerned in the great books of Western civilization and as seen through the eyes of the Christian humanist.

THOMAS MORE INSTITUTE
OF LIBERAL ARTS

For Catalogue and Brochure
Write To:

Dr. Peter V. Sampo
Thomas More Institute
of Liberal Arts
One Manchester Street
Merrimack, NH 03054

Please send me information about this program.

Name _____

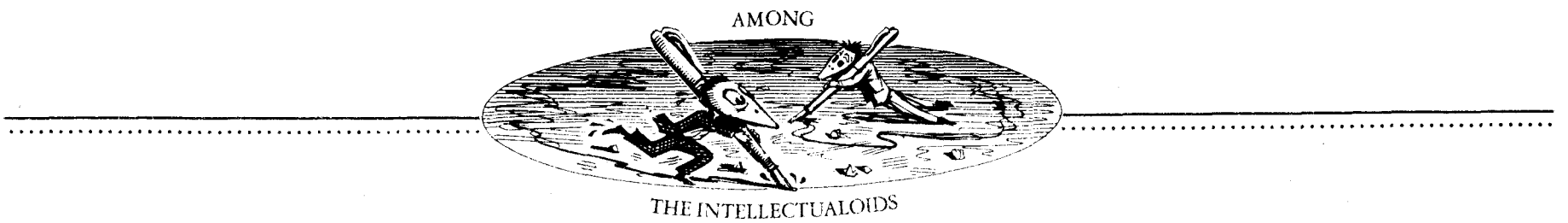
Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Telephone _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A REFINED IRVING HOWE

by Arnold Beichman

You don't have to be a sadist to enjoy Irving Howe's "autobiography" but it helps.* Not being (I think) sadistic, I can't say that reading Howe, the memoirist, was a particularly pleasant experience, as pleasant, say, as reading his literary celebrations. The book reveals a New York intellectual, now in his early sixties, wriggling, twisting, ducking and dodging any possible accusation that, because he is critical of Communism, he might be mistaken for a—CONSERVATIVE; that somebody out there on the Left might accuse him of being a secret believer in democratic capitalism rather than "socialism." (The reason for the inverted commas is that since Howe says he is no longer a Marxist, the "socialism" in which he still believes is little more than a sympathy for justice, brotherhood, peace, and other laudable virtues.)

For example, he praises the *Federalist Papers* because their stress "on the need for countervailing powers in a democratic society represented an important truth"—but ever fearful of the accusation of being a you-know-what, Howe quickly adds that this important truth was "not rendered any less so by Madison's conservative opinions."

For heaven's sakes—Madison, an ally of Thomas Jefferson against Hamilton! It's 1787, just after Madison and his compatriots have won a revolution against colonialism, have invented a style and form of government without precedent in history; when they have created, in Seymour Martin Lipset's phrase, the first new nation; Madison, a towering intellectual force in the building of America, the product of Locke and James Harrington—and Howe feels duty-bound to impose his view of conservatism, via Charles A. Beard's fictions, no doubt, on James Madison, turning him into a sort of eighteenth-century American Lord North. Really!

Howe describes the late Dwight Macdonald's long defunct magazine, *Politics*, as "a stopping place for independent leftists who were bored with Marxist sects yet refused Cold War conservatism." Was there no Cold War liberalism? Were Americans for Democratic Action being Cold War conservatives when they supported the Truman Doctrine against the USSR? Was Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. a Cold War conservative when he wrote powerful articles against Soviet foreign policy? And as for Macdonald himself, anyone who saw him operating as I did as an opponent of the Stalinist "Waldorf" peace conference in 1949 would quite properly call Macdonald a Cold War something. Macdonald eventually lapsed from this state of grace but not before serving a tour of duty as an editorial associate of *Encounter* magazine.

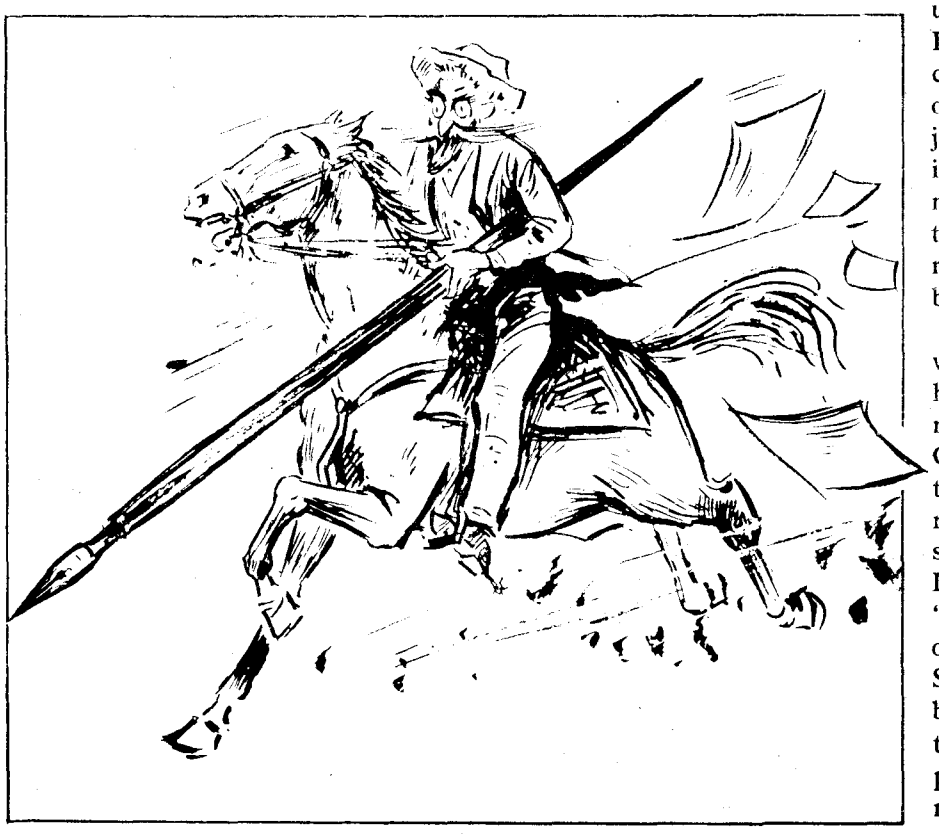
And then there is the sly Lionel Trilling, a man who exhibited "subtly conservative moods" and whose "critique provided a rationale for an increasingly relaxed and conservatized liberalism"; Trilling the conspirator who "embarked on an oblique campaign to transform the dominant liberalism into something more quizzical and less combative than it had previously been." Trilling's work "had come to serve as a high-toned justification for the increasingly accommodating moods of American intellectuals." Accommodating to what—to the essential anti-Communism and anti-Stalinism of the postwar world, the Taft-Hartley Law, the Marshall Plan, midcult? As for Richard Hofstadter, the peerless American historian, he had, for Howe, "veered too far toward a conservative brand of liberalism." Everybody is marching to the wrong drummer except Howe, onetime Trotskyite, Marxist, isolationist, now preaching something he calls "radical humanism," a "maybe" Socialist. Isn't it possible that Hofstadter and Trilling were right then and, in the light of contemporary history, are still right?

There is worse yet. Howe wants his anti-Communism to be aesthetically uplifting. So we have the silly business that in the 1950s "among once-radical intellectuals there now prevailed a coarse version of anti-Communism often ready to justify whatever the United States might do." (I wonder whether he would have called George Orwell's pro-U.S. anti-Communism "coarse.") And there are "Jewish trade unionists, 'old Socialists' as they still like to call themselves, worthy people who have done worthy things but are now locked into a single passion: a coarse [sic], monolithic anti-Communism."

These old Socialists, writes Howe, "keep talking about 'the Commies' and something about that phrase strikes me as marking a collapse of standards, a vulgarity of mind that will soon prompt some of them into alliances with the Far Right." And I suppose, in keeping with Howe's aesthetic sensitivities, we should never have referred to them as "the Nazis" but rather as National Socialists to avoid vulgarity of mind and collapse of standards.

The aesthetics problem for Howe knows no end. Early in his book, he writes that "there is something unattractive about a right-wing Social Democrat who has found his bureaucratic niche and makes a safe politics out of anti-Communism . . . " But just when you think he's going to fall into the morass of anti-anti-Communism, Howe makes a quick leap into the safety net by adding, " . . . correct as that anti-Communism may be."

Supposing, then, that the right-wing Social Democrat hasn't found his "bureaucratic niche" and still makes "a safe politics out of anti-Communism," is he still unattractive? And what kind of "bureaucratic niche" is Howe talking about—something like that of the late David Dubinsky who certainly made a "politics" out of anti-Communism, or George Meany? The "right-wing Social Democrat," says Howe, is to be reprobated because "he has lost that larger sympathy for the oppressed, that responsiveness to new modes of rebellion that a Socialist



A Margin of Hope: An Intellectual Autobiography. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $14.95.

Arnold Beichman is a Visiting Scholar at the Hoover Institution.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ought to have." Such prose from a man who can write clearly and even brilliantly when he wants to is simply unacceptable. What "new modes of rebellion" is Howe talking about? Castroism? Baader-Meinhof? Or is the phrase nothing more than Howe's trying, at his tiresome worst, to show where he really stands: no conservative he.

It is particularly distasteful to watch Howe engaging, to use his language, in "a masquerade of innocence" and even "posturings of rectitude" about his own past while seriously maligning the record of Sidney Hook, one of the bravest of American intellectuals in our century.

Howe tells us that in 1941 he became editor (actually managing editor on the masthead) of a Trotskyite journal, *Labor Action*, at the tender age of 21. Now the Trotskyites whether of the Cannon or the later Schachtman sect, were Leninists, just like their opponents, the official Stalinist Communists. As Leninists, they believed in the same ghastly ideology and tactics as the Stalinists, except that their prophet was Leon Trotsky, not Stalin. But like the Stalinists, they vilified Socialists and Social Democrats alike as betrayers of the so-called revolutionary working class.

Howe writes that his "main intellectual journey, difficult enough, consisted of a break from an earlier, orthodox, anti-Stalinist Marxism." Such a break, however, was meaningless unless it subsumed opposition to an anti-Leninist Marxism as well. After all, it was just as totalitarian to be a Leninist Marxist, which is what Trotskyism was all about, as to be a Stalinist Marxist. As a Communist schismatic, Howe and his Schachtmanite brigadiers had to prove to their erstwhile allies, the Cannonites, that they were Leninists as true, pure, and orthodox as those from whom they had split.

Little of this is mentioned by Howe, who tosses off a euphemistic phrase that his faction "moved to what Marxists called a position of 'critical support' of the [Second World] war, though we didn't make this explicit."

Nothing could be further from the truth than to say that Howe's faction gave even "critical support" of the American effort in World War II, let alone made that support explicit. I have examined some of the copies of *Labor Action* from the period that Howe was managing editor. A week before Pearl Harbor, the Trotskyite weekly published its "Program Against the War." The Socialist Workers Party, it said, was "against both imperialist camps," meaning isolated Britain and Nazi Germany. It was "for the Third Camp of World Labor and the colonial peoples."† "Not a man, not a cent for Wall Street's War," the paper trumpeted. Jay Lovestone, expelled secretary of the Communist Party, USA, who was supporting the war, was described caustically as "a pure and simple war mongering bourgeois liberal." In an article dated December 8, 1941, the editors referred to "a war fought solely and completely for profits."

Most shocking was the post-Pearl Harbor issue which Howe edited. "All the solemn assurances that peace would be preserved," read the front-page manifesto, "all the pledges that the United States would not enter the war have been flouted and discarded by the very statesmen who made them. . . . This noble hatred of tyranny has been cunningly exploited by the imperialist statesmen of the so-called democracies for the purpose of whipping up a pro-war sentiment among the masses of the people."

Since Howe now writes that his Trotskyite sect gave "critical support" to the war, let me remind him of just what the paper he edited wrote in its issue of December 15, 1941: The Socialist Workers Party, "as the uncompromising foe of capitalism and capitalist war, cannot and does not give any political support to the government and the war . . . this is not a war for national defense; it is a war of imperialist rivalry." And such language was not temporary nor were the ideas behind the rhetoric. In 1942, there were stories headlined "The bitter struggle for Singapore/Involves Vast Imperialist Stakes"; an editorial sloganeered, "Make the rich pay for their war." In March 1942, for example, Howe's paper still described the war as "a struggle for world mastery between two imperialist camps" and still claimed to be upholding "the banner of Lenin and Trotsky."

Under Howe's own name there appeared a story May 4, 1942 with the page-one headline "Exposing the Merchants of Death/Their Profits Born in Blood" and a paragraph that "this is the picture of the capitalist world gone mad—profits, profits above all. Everything else is just so much hogwash designed to trick the unwary into surrendering their lives for these profits."

This is "'critical support' of the war, though we didn't make this explicit"? For shame. Now look at what he writes about Sidney Hook.

Howe says that Hook, "once a leading Marxist," saw "merit" in the "infamous Smith Act." While Hook, according to Howe, was not for the passage of the law, Hook "had doubts about the wisdom of repealing it." This statement is palpably unfair. Hook opposed the Smith Act and especially its use by the Roosevelt Administration against the Trotskyites. Recognizing the Smith Act's dangers to civil liberties, Hook proposed amending the law to prevent possible abuses in its application. The amendments would have made the act congruent with the "clear and present danger" criterion imposed by Supreme Court Justices Holmes and Brandeis. If Howe has any doubts about Hook's position, I recommend he read Hook's book, *Heresy Yes, Conspiracy No* (1952), Chapter 5.

Howe also accuses Hook of taking a blanket position against the employment of professed Communists as teachers through the device of "declaring categorical bans." In actual fact, Hook was criticized in a *New Leader* article by Arthur Lovejoy, the eminent co-founder of the American Association of University Professors for *not* urging a categorical ban on Communist teachers. In his recent book, *A Better World,* Professor William L. O'Neill says that Howe, among others, was "imputing views to [Hook] that he did not hold."

What then can we say about Howe? He has made serious misstatements of Sidney Hook's politico-cultural positions and unjust criticisms of Hofstadter and Trilling among others. He has glossed over (to put it mildly) his own political past. Are these the casual judgments of a memoirist trying to compose grand, sweeping intellectual, rather than factually exact, history? Or is the pattern of this autobiography, with its emphasis on "socialism" and its omnipresent mistrust of "conservatism" and "anti-Communism," a pattern which reflects a writer's desire somehow to make peace with his past and present without jeopardizing his intellectual future? Is it the strategy of the Great Copout?

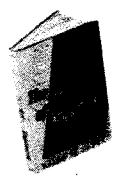
"To quit a movement," says Howe, "in which one has invested one's strongest feelings can be terribly painful—at least as painful as leaving home or starting a divorce." It is especially difficult to quit when one is editing a magazine like *Dissent* which seeks miracles—a new radicalism, a new humanism, a new ethic, a new socialism, a new social change, a New Everything based on a New Utopia—and when all around you are to be found ghastly Communist or socialist dictatorships, whether in Africa or Asia, the Caribbean or Eastern Europe, and nothing—but nothing—brings certainty, let alone hope, for tomorrow.

It is really time—and it's late in the day—for Howe to realize that the enemy is not Sidney Hook, or Irving Kristol,‡ and to stop pretending that

†Forty years later, Howe was still peddling the "Third Camp" idea, this time for Vietnam. In an article, jointly authored with Michael Walzer (*New Republic,* August 18, 1979), he defended his neutralist position by saying that "Some of us . . . hoped for the emergence of a Vietnamese 'third force' capable of rallying the people in a progressive direction by enacting land reforms and defending civil liberties." As in 1941, so in 1979—the Great Copout, even though you know that "a victory for a Communist or a Communist-dominated movement [in Vietnam] means another totalitarian dictatorship suppressing human freedom." (Howe's letter, *New York Review of Books*, December 28, 1965.)

‡Howe writes about " . . . the conservative ideologue Irving Kristol, whom I confess to having recruited to the City College Trotskyite youth group in 1938 . . ." but forgets to mention that he was instrumental in expelling Kristol from this same group because Kristol pressed for a reading list which would go beyond Marxist-Leninist propaganda tracts.

How to Argue and Win!



Here is a clear simply written basic guide to logical thinking, showing how to spot the fallacies, the prejudices and emotionalism, the inappropriate analogies, etc., in the other fellow's argument and how to watch for and avoid the irrational in your own judgments. The author makes plain not only how but also why people resist facing the truth.

A tool for clear thinking as well as convincing others.

$9.95 *plus* $1.25 handling

THE ART OF ARGUMENT by Giles St. Aubyn

LEARNING TO THINK

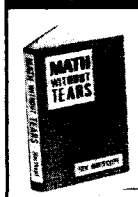
By E. R. Emmett

This fascinating and readable book shows you how to achieve the most basic goal of education: LEARNING TO THINK.

Puzzles, diagrams and examples (both serious and lighthearted) are extensively used by the author who stresses the importance of logic in our everyday lives. He shows us how to think clearly and concisely and makes us enjoy the process. Exercises to test our ability to reason clearly are provided throughout this thought-provoking book. *Illustrated*

$9.95 *plus* $1.25 handling

Math Without Tears



Using non-technical language and a light touch Roy Hartkopf gives you a basic understanding of many everyday applications of mathematics. He takes the reader from simple counting to trigonometry and calculus, emphasizing the practical aspects of math. Humorously written.

Learn math in the comfort of your own home at minimum cost.

$11.95 *plus* $1.25 handling

No handling charge on 3 books or more!

EMERSON BOOKS, INC.

Dept. 845-G, Varplanck, N.Y. 10596

10-Day Money-Back Guarantee

Bullish on Braces?

That's right—big comeback to braces/suspenders! For dress/business; also today's casual living. Wear with slacks/sports jacket. Be bold/show them off! A Bernardo exclusive: initials or name engraved on brass hardware. Own wardrobe/gifts! Write for gratis presentation of Bernardo's extensive collection of smashing British braces/exciting American suspenders.

BERNARDO

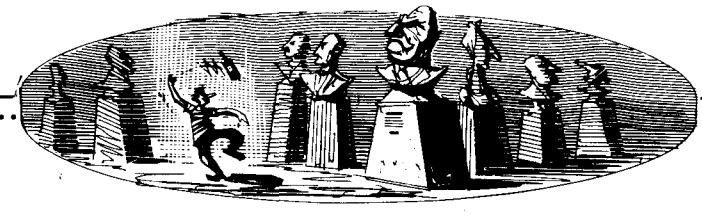
2400 Westheimer, #108W (T), Houston, TX 77098

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

there is such a thing as benevolent Trotskyism; or that by a process of self-mystification one can create out of nothing a Third Force, a Third Camp and thereby avoid having to make nasty political choices.

The enemy is neither the White House nor democratic capitalism. The enemy is the head of the Soviet secret police who, in changing jobs, has taken over half a world and brought George Orwell's frightening prophecies into a reality earlier than had been expected.

In short, it is time for Irving Howe to dissent from *Dissent* and to seek his fulfillment, not in rewriting history or dreaming up new strategies for old politico-cultural frauds, but to free himself from a faith which, in his "intellectual autobiography," has driven him to forget his chosen vocation as scholar. □



EMINENTOES

CHECK-OUT TIME

by Richard Brookhiser

This takes us back, conservative-feud-wise. Hang around the right wing for a while, and you soon meet veterans who grunt, "I was for Barry when Irving Kristol/Jerry Falwell was still a socialist/preacher, and I'll be damned if I'm going to have *my* agenda set by any *Public Interest*/Moral Majority." More rarely, you find those who did not like Ike. There are those who remember the hectic days when everyone seemed to be Birching (perhaps they Birched themselves), those who still wonder who promoted Peress. Thomas Dewey, three times governor of New York, twice Republican presidential nominee, and execrated no more, is from another era. He has accepted, as Eliot said of Milton and Charles I, the constitution of silence. He came before the cusp.

Richard Norton Smith, author of *Thomas E. Dewey and His Times,** is unaware of his subject's datedness. He calls his book a biography of the "maker of the modern Republican Party," which is quite wrong. If today's GOP has any makers, they are Clif White, William Rusher, and the late John Ashbrook, founders of the Draft Goldwater movement. Still, Dewey's life is interesting, even for what it does not teach us, and Smith lays it exhaustively (and exhaustingly) before us.

He was born in 1902, in Owosso, Michigan, in the heart of the lands where to be on time is to be fifteen minutes late. Perhaps he was not entirely happy there; he left for New York City to study law at age 21, and never looked back. But the punctiliousness and workaholism of his home, particularly his mother, had been scrubbed into him as with a bristle brush, never to be washed out. For his third birthday, Mrs. Dewey gave him a bicycle, with the warning that if he fell off it would be taken away for a year. He did, and it was.

From the men in his family, he received a conviction (the evangelical terminology seems appropriate) of the truth and justice of the GOP. The Deweys had been partisans from day one. Thomas's grandfather attended the first Republican rally in 1854, and the *Owosso Times*, the newspaper he founded and passed on to the family, lectured Michiganders in passionate tones on the wickedness of Democrats and drink. "Tammany Hall," declared Dewey's editor-father, "represents all that is evil in government."

Dewey *père* was not so far off. Social scientists, for whom acculturation (never mind how or to what) is the *summum bonum*, are apt to look on Tammany and similar institutions with a mild eye these days; and the old machines did indeed take boatloads of immigrants whom nobody particularly cared about and Americanize them. In the process, however, they reduced politics to job seeking; and with each job went a letter of marque for fiscal piracy. When Dewey arrived in New York, millions were pouring down Tammany's maw each year. During the twenties, the city's budget increased sixteen times faster than the population.

The political criminals worked in cahoots with desperadoes of a more mundane sort. Tammany's connections with the mob were fraternal and intimate. In return for payoffs and assorted political favors (Dutch Schultz and his gang served as Democratic poll watchers), complaisant district attorneys gave the lampreys a free ride, and they bled the city ashen. Everything that was bought, sold, or serviced in New York—from artichokes to laundry—was traded by a racket. The underworld's exactions were estimated to have raised the cost of living twenty percent.

Fiorello LaGuardia beat Tammany at the polls. Dewey, as U.S. Attorney, special prosecutor, and District Attorney, worsted the mob in court. He brought to his task all the energies he had once focused on not falling off bicycles. Nothing was too tedious or trivial, and nothing was sacred. Dewey and his lawyers sifted mounds of receipts and shelves of ledgers; they tapped phones and cold-shouldered the press. The crooks didn't stand a chance. Hollywood made movies about him. Schultz wanted to murder him. FDR simply wanted to destroy him.

Dewey rode his fame to Albany in 1942 (after a near miss four years earlier), and brought to the governor's office the same aggressive orderliness he had shown at the prosecutor's table. In twelve years, he managed to cut taxes, balance the budget, and inaugurate a series of new projects—a thruway, a state university. This was one major difference between Dewey's era and ours. The talismanic words "waste, fraud, and abuse" actually meant something then. Government had been so slipshod that it was possible, with strict efficiency and common honesty, to lessen the taxpayer's burden while increasing services. When Dewey spoke of humane Republicanism or pragmatic liberalism, he thus meant something quite different from Nelson Rockefeller or Jacob Javits, who used such talk to steal bases for the omnicompetent state. Dewey represented, when it was still possible, a real middle of the road—moderately paternalistic and genuinely frugal. He provided, it is true, no bulwark in principle against the free-for-all liberalism of his successors. But he didn't practice it, either. "I like you," he once told Rockefeller, "but I don't think I can afford you."

The other great difference between then and now concerns America's role in the world, and America's conception of its role. Dewey was an establishment internationalist—not the best of all possible worldviews, maybe, but what else was there in the GOP? On Dewey's left, Wendell Willkie, the down-home Wall Street lawyer, a fatuous narcissist who barnstormed his way to the Republican nomination in 1940, and was still a contender in 1944. This John Anderson of the producing class took a world tour in 1943, and wrote a book, *One World*, that would have done honor to Eleanor Roosevelt:

> Men and women all over the world are on the march, physically, intellectually and spiritually. After centuries of ignorant and dull compliance, hundreds of millions of people in Eastern Europe and Asia have opened the books. They are beginning to know that man's welfare throughout the world is interdependent. They are resolved, as we must be, that there is no more place for imperialism.

→

*Simon and Schuster, $22.50.

Richard Brookhiser is editor at National Review.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Five years later, the Iron Curtain fell. Willkie's claptrap sold a million copies.

On Dewey's right stood the so-called isolationists. So-called, because before the war, they were Anglophobes more than anything else (Colonel McCormick's *Chicago Tribune* accused Dewey of making "the pilgrimage to Downing Street by way of Wall Street"). After the war, the same people developed a lively interest in Communist subversion, without, for the most part, a corresponding understanding of global strategy. When they did look abroad, it was exclusively to the Far East. Robert Taft, the leader of the Old Right, opposed NATO and postwar aid to Great Britain, and wanted a twenty percent ceiling on the proportion of American troops that could be stationed abroad.

And Dewey? He hedged no more than any other pol before Pearl Harbor about America's entry into the war. He urged a stronger Navy, for which Roosevelt mocked him. He supported, in the dawn of the Cold War, the Marshall Plan and aid to Chiang Kai-shek, and had average—that is, sub-Willkieite, though still inflated—hopes for the UN. He opposed in public debate the resolution, "Shall the Communist party be outlawed in the United States?" (Harold Stassen took the affirmative, seconded by Joseph McCarthy.) All in all, a fair collection of positions; not everything one might have wished, but better than we actually got.

The Dewey-Stassen debate took place during the Oregon primary in 1948; it ended Stassen's presidential hopes, which were then serious (a third difference between that era and this), and guaranteed Dewey's nomination. Six months later, a gleeful Truman was waving the front page headlined "Dewey Defeats Truman." One anecdote of that famous upset has escaped Smith's care, so I pass it along. On election eve, Frances Dewey told her husband how much she looked forward to sleeping with the President. The morning after, she asked if Harry would come to New York, or should she go to Washington?

If Dewey had shown a little of his wife's spunk—or his own: in private, he called Earl Warren, his running mate, a "big dumb Swede"—he would have won going away. But exaggerated notions of dignity paralyzed him, and he fell back on bromides. Owosso couldn't keep him, but it kept him from the White House.

He played his last important political role in 1952, helping Eisenhower beat his old rival Taft, and pushing a young and coming senator, Richard Nixon, for the second slot. When sweet smiling Ike was ready to pitch Nixon overboard because of a trumped-up scandal, Dewey urged him to go on television. Nixon gave the Checkers speech, and saved his political life. When at last the protégé reached the office the older man had missed, he offered his patron a variety of high posts—ambassador? Secretary of State? Chief Justice? In vain. For half a year, Thomas Edmund Dewey had been rated a sure thing for the highest post of all. Why should he stoop? In March 1971, rebellious Cabinet members planned to approach Dewey to sell him (and through him, Nixon) on the idea of replacing Haldeman with Melvin Laird.

But before they could meet with him, he was found in a hotel room, dead of a heart attack: fully dressed, bags packed, hat resting neatly on his suitcases: the last time he would fail to affect us. □

PRESSWATCH

OLD FOOLS

by Fred Barnes

There are some ideas that the mainstream press just can't digest. So it usually ignores them. One is that busing of schoolchildren for purposes of racial integration is unpopular, even among blacks, and counterproductive, promoting more separation of white and black students in public schools; not less. Another is that the demise of authoritarian, anti-Communist regimes in the Third World usually produces repression instead of liberation, as in China, Vietnam, Iran, and Nicaragua. Still another is that Communists might be hyperactive and sometimes effective in the United States in promoting their interests and discrediting their enemies.

President Reagan is among the latest to encounter this phenomenon. On several occasions—and most extensively in his nationally televised press conference last November 12—he has charged that Soviet agents have been active in stirring up the nuclear freeze movement. "There is plenty of evidence," he told reporters. "It's been published by some of your fraternity. There is no question but that the Soviet Union saw an advantage in a peace movement around the idea of a nuclear freeze. . . . In the organization of some of the big demonstrations, the one in New York, and so forth, there is no question about foreign agents that were sent to help instigate and help create and keep such a movement going."

The response from the freeze partisans was predictable. "Returning to the tactics of McCarthyism," said Morton Halperin, the director of the American Civil Liberties Union's Center for National Security Studies. Unfortunately, the reaction of the press was no less predictable. The White House was half-heartedly pushed to provide documentation for Reagan's accusation, which it did by pointing to articles from *The American Spectator*, *Commentary*, and *Reader's Digest*, along with some State Department Reports. Then, the matter was dropped, except for a few columns that ridiculed Reagan for citing a *Reader's Digest* piece.

The problem here is twofold. The first is that the President alone seems to have been put on trial, forced to buttress his charge with irrefutable evidence or fall guilty of McCarthyism. The mere voicing of the word "McCarthyism" appears to have shut off debate and put the accuser in the dock. And Reagan was the loser in this, since his evidence was not conclusive in the minds of reporters.

This first problem leads to the second, namely that the charge of Communist involvement goes largely unexamined. Perhaps there is little to it. Indeed, the superficial evidence is far more compelling about a Communist role in the peace movement in Europe than in America. But that does not excuse the failure of the mainstream press—the big newspapers, the newsmagazines, the TV networks—to look into the charge. Have KGB agents been active in the United States in the freeze movement or is that a canard? Have Communist-front groups infiltrated the movement? Do they have any influence? Or is the nuclear freeze campaign the grass roots movement most reporters seem to think it is?

Reagan doesn't necessarily stand to gain by a press probe into these questions. In fact, he might turn out to be embarrassed, politically at least, by his accusation, should a rigorous inquiry into the freeze movement prove the charge of Communist influence to be false, misleading, or overstated. The incentive of humiliating the President, of proving him wrong, often serves to spur reporters. But not this time. The charge was simply not taken seriously enough to warrant an investigation.

Certainly the recent experience of the *New York Times* will not encourage any reporter interested in examining a matter of alleged Communist involvement or influence. Last November 7, the *Times* ran in its Sunday Arts and Leisure section an extraordinarily long (6,500 words) and well-researched article on Jerzy Kosinski, the Polish émigré novelist. The gist was that Kosinski was the victim of a 17-year smear campaign engineered by Poland's Communist government; a campaign in which the writer has been pilloried as a CIA agent, a plagiarist, a near-congenital

---

Fred Barnes is National Political Reporter for the Baltimore Sun.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

liar, and a hypocrite who uses a ghostwriter to help him put together his novels.

Kosinski, of course, is something of an anti-Communist. He has spoken on Voice of America, identified himself ideologically with the Solidarity movement in Poland, and consorted with neoconservatives. He has also sparred with the leftist literary set in New York City, denouncing the attitude of "criminal chic" that made writer-murderer Jack Abbott a hero and criticizing the American Writers Congress, a creation of the *Nation* magazine. Last June, the *Village Voice* clobbered Kosinski in an article suggesting his novels had been virtually written for him by editors and that the CIA "apparently played a clandestine role" in the publishing of two of his early books.

The *Times* piece, written by John Corry, put the *Village Voice* attack in context. Hey, it said, there's a history here. These charges against Kosinski didn't just materialize spontaneously; there is a backdrop. Kosinski "is an intellectual, a creative person, under ideological attack," Corry wrote. "The ideology was born in Eastern Europe, and so were the most damaging rumors. They have been around for 17 years, only now they have grown more insistent."

Corry provided impressive documentation, notably implicating a Polish official named Wieslaw Gornicki, who once posed as a newsman with liberal leanings. Gornicki, now an official in Poland's military government, spearheaded the ideological warfare against Kosinski, Corry suggested. Despite all the documentation in the *Times* piece, guess who was put on trial as a result of the article? Not the *Village Voice* or Polish propagandists; perish the thought. Like Reagan, the *Times* was put in the dock. "McCarthyism," charged the *Village Voice* in its editorial response. And nobody in the mainstream press followed up the *Times* article with an examination of whether Kosinski was the victim of an ideological smear.

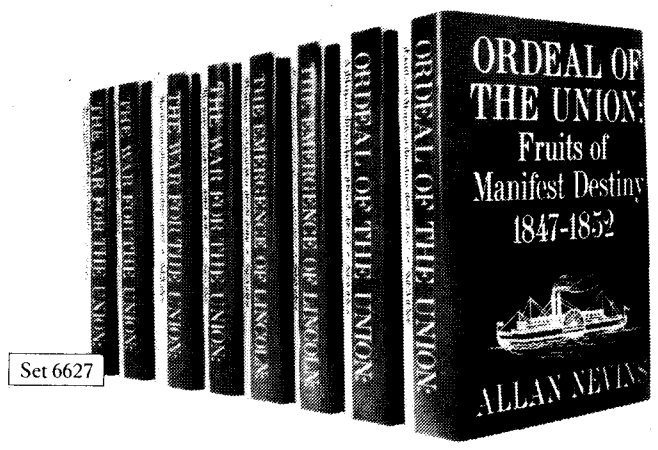
Rather, *Newsweek* jumped in with a heated attack on two honchos at the *Times*, executive editor A.M. Rosenthal and deputy managing editor Arthur Gelb. It was their friendship with Kosinski that prompted the "apologia" for him, one that "mystified outsiders and shocked [the *Times*'s] own newsroom," *Newsweek* said. ". . . The *Times*, of course, has as much right as any publication to defend Kosinski, but the enormous size and defensive tone of the piece seemed strangely out of proportion to its subject. . . . Like many powerful editors at other papers, Gelb and Rosenthal sometimes encourage pieces about their friends. But the Kosinski piece provided the most dramatic evidence to date of their willingness to use the power of the *Times* to reward friends and punish enemies." In short, the piece was "embarrassing" to the *Times*. Not surprisingly, the thrust of the *Times* article and its documentation of a smear campaign against Kosinski was scarcely mentioned by *Newsweek*.

The outrage over the *Times* piece even reached *Publishers Weekly*. Naturally, any outrage over ideological warfare against Kosinski didn't. "Publishing people were amazed by the length and prominence of the Corry piece, by its meticulous detail about minor arguments between Polish officials and émigré figures concerning Kosinski's life and work —and by the fact that it seemed to be trying to suggest that the charges in the *Voice* were part of a recognized Communist smear campaign," *Publishers Weekly* said in an editorial. Hey, there's a context here, it said. The *Times* "seems to be growing increasingly conservative in tone," the editorial said, "as indicated by

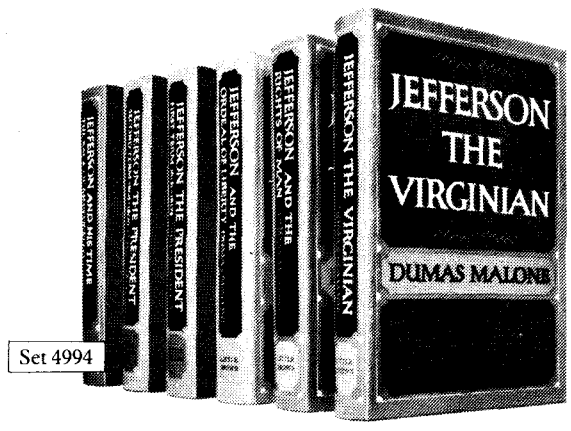
Drink deeply from the wellspring of history...

Save Up To $183 On One Of These Fine Collections

A rare opportunity to enrich your library with one of these enduring works, at a fraction of its usual cost with your trial membership.

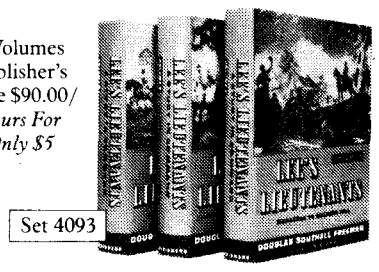


Allan Nevin's
THE ORDEAL OF THE UNION
8 Volumes, Publisher's Price $200.00/ *Yours For Only $17*
The masterwork of this great historian. Monumental account of our nation's history, 1847 to 1865. Told with a sweep and passion that is almost Tolstoian.
"We are not likely to see more history of this character and scope for some time to come."
—N.Y. Times, National Book Award



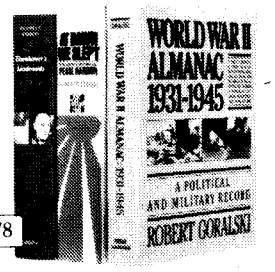
Dumas Malone's
JEFFERSON AND HIS TIME
6 Volumes. Publisher's Price $109.90/
Yours For Only $14
A master historian's acclaimed biography of the third president. Winner of the 1975 Pulitzer Prize.

3 Volumes Publisher's Price $90.00/ *Yours For Only $5*



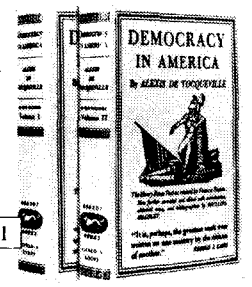
Douglas Southall Freeman's
LEE'S LIEUTENANTS: A STUDY IN COMMAND
The remarkable commanders of Lee's Army of Northern Virginia and how they waged—and almost won—the Civil War. 2,395 pages; 24 portrait photographs; 107 military maps.

3 Volumes Publisher's Price $63.40/ *Yours For Only $5*



WORLD WAR II: THE LEADERS AND EVENTS
Three major volumes that offer a compelling account of World War II. Russell F. Weigley's *Eisenhower's Lieutenants*; Gordon W. Prange's *At Dawn We Slept* and Robert Goralski's *World War II Almanac*.

2 Volumes Publisher's Price $25.00/ *Yours For Only $1*



Alexis de Toqueville's
DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA
Based on the original 1835 and 1840 texts, this historical classic touches upon the course of American government and society. One of the greatest political treatises ever written.

WH83A

The story of history, and the men who made it, makes for reading that is both lively and valuable. Now in its 36th year, the Club provides its members with the finest books of history and world affairs—always at substantial savings.

We'll send you any one of the magnificent sets pictured—at a fraction of their usual cost—with your first selection at the low members' price (any book listed at right).

Membership Benefits

A membership account will be opened for you, to which your purchases will be charged at the low members' prices. You need pay only after you have received your books. A postage-and-packing fee is added to each shipment.

Every four weeks (13 times a year), you will receive our *Review* and a dated reply card. If you want the Editors' Choice, do nothing; it will be sent automatically. If you want another book, or no book at all, return the card by the date specified. If you should receive an unwanted book because you had less than ten days to decide, you may return it and pay nothing. We guarantee postage.

Pick One at Low Members' Price:
(First price is publisher's list. **Boldface** is members'.)

4762. **The Glorious Cause: The American Revolution, 1763-1789.** *By Robert Middlekauff.* $25.00/**$15.00**
4952. **Robin Hood.** *By J. C. Holt.* $17.95/**$12.50**
5488. **American Journey: Traveling With Toqueville In Search of "Democracy in America."** *By Richard Reeves.* $15.95/**$11.50**
5918. **John Bell Hood And The War For Southern Independence.** *By Richard McMurry.* $19.50/**$13.00**
5736. **From Alexander To Cleopatra: The Hellenistic World.** *By Michael Grant.* $19.95/**$13.95**
5710. **Family Names: How Our Surnames Came To America.** *By J. N. Hook, Ph.D.* $16.95/**$11.95**
4911. **The Structures Of Everyday Life: The Limits of The Possible, 15th-18th Century.** *By Fernand Braudel.* $30.00/**$15.50**
5462. **The Celts.** *By Gerhard Herm.* $12.50/**$8.50**
4721. **Attack And Die: Civil War Military Tactics And The Southern Heritage.** *By Grady McWhiney And Perry D. Jamieson.* $17.95/**$12.95**
8284. **The Devil's Horsemen: The Mongol Invasion Of Europe.** *By James Chambers.* $11.95/**$8.95**

THE HISTORY BOOK CLUB, Dept. N
40 Guernsey St., Box 790, Stamford, CT 06904

Please enroll me as a trial member and send me the books whose numbers I have entered below. Bill my set at the stated price and my other selection at the low members' price, plus postage-and-packing.

Set # _____ Selection # _____

I may return the books within three weeks at your expense and owe nothing. Or I will buy four more selections within the next two years (*not counting my choices above*). Membership is cancellable anytime thereafter. All Club purchases are at low members' prices, and a postage-and-packing fee is added to all shipments.

AQ-08QT

Print Name _____

Address _____ Apt. # _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

In Canada: Mail To U.S. Address

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

such straws in the wind as its concentration on terrorism as a Communist monopoly and its highly equivocal attitude toward the nuclear freeze movement." The result: "Publishers who specialize in books critical of the social and political status quo are beginning to worry." But never about things like Communist influence.

• • •

One of the most favored characterizations of Reagan these days is the President as Old Fool. Under this, Reagan is portrayed as an unadaptable, out-of-touch, hopelessly ideological fellow who is impeding his crack, pragmatic staff from doing what's right for America. These guys are trying to get the country out of the economic mess, and Reagan just won't play along. "The White House has changed Reagan less than any other occupant in recent memory," said *Time* in its December 13 cover story.

The *Time* story, billed as "How Reagan Decides," detailed the extremes to which White House aides are forced to go in order to sway the President. Basically, they must throw false arguments at the Old Fool. For instance, Transportation Secretary Drew Lewis was credited with adroit use of "the Reagan argument" by calling the 5-cent hike in the gasoline tax a "user fee." Reagan thus was willing to endorse that tax increase. But there is a "danger," *Time* said, in this kind of decision-making. "The President often gets a slightly skewed view of the world from his advisers, who present to him not the arguments they really believe but those that can be fitted into Reagan's cosmology."

Or they are afraid to tell him their real views at all. This was the burden of a long, somewhat breathless article in the *New York Times Magazine* on October 24. Given all the misgivings in Washington about the program championed by the Old Fool in 1981 for a deep tax cut coupled with a boost in military spending, how could it have been passed? it asked. Nearly everybody—not Reagan, though—knew better, they told Steven Weisman, the *New York Times* White House correspondent.

Some went along with Reagan out of loyalty, some hoped for a compromise along the way, some were merely meek, Weisman wrote. "The most dramatic revelation, however, concerns those White House aides who, one by one, as the economic news worsened, began to fear that the tax-cut program would not work—and failed to alert the President," he wrote. Budget Director David Stockman was "but one among many. After the law was passed, Mr. Reagan's men set about a series of sometimes desperate efforts to undo what had been done."

They are still at it, according to *Time*. "The shaken advisers decided on a different strategy for this year's budget go-around: they would lay out the figures on expected spending and revenues in all their starkness, add much economic advice about the dire consequences of huge deficits, and report numerous warnings from Reagan's own Republican followers about the rebellious mood in Congress," *Time* wrote in its story on Reagan's decision-making. "But they would not urge the President to do or not to do anything. Their hope was that Reagan would see the necessity for military spending cuts or tax increases and bring those subjects up himself. The strategy, so far, has failed resoundingly."

Too bad Reagan's staff wasn't elected President. Then, we wouldn't have all this trouble with the Old Fool and his insistence on getting in the way. □

THE GREAT

AMERICAN SALOON SERIES

DIONYSIAN DENVER

by George Ertel

Frontier saloons of the Old West! Cowboys and cardsharks, stagecoach drivers and dance-hall girls, sheriffs and outlaws. Picture the long mahogany bar, backed by a mustachioed bartender, platoons of whiskey bottles, and a resplendent mirror. Men decked out in ten-gallon hats, red bandanas, and boots with tinkling spurs, throwing down shots of rotgut, picking up fancy ladies. A poker game ending with an upturned table and blazing sixguns. The piano plays on.

Well, it was like that, sometimes. But not always. As Thomas J. Noel describes in a masterful study of Denver's early years,* there was more to saloons than macho thrills.

Western saloons originally sprang up along established trails, often where routes crossed each other or intersected rivers. The first were no more than tents or wagons stationed along the roadside. Occasionally a farmer would open his home as a roadhouse to accommodate pioneers, prospectors, mountain men, and other such itinerants looking for some camaraderie, a warm, dry room, and perhaps advice about the road ahead.

Noel tells a story about a place called Twenty Mile House. Irish Nelson Dowd tended bar, and his family cooked meals. "Guests might intimidate the Irishman, but not his wife. When a ruffian known as Tiger Bill became obstreperous, 'there came a flash of petticoats, and Mrs. Dowd . . . darted into the bar with a feminine screech and set her ten commandments in his face, dragging her nails down each cheek.'"

Twenty Mile House got its name from the distance up Cherry Creek where the stream flowed into the Platte River. At that junction lay Denver on one bank and its rival Auraria on the other. The site of Denver was originally the home of a continually drunk mountain man called William McGaa, but other, more enterprising settlers chose to dismiss him and his territorial claims on both Denver and Auraria.

At first Auraria grew faster than Denver. Travelers from the east had no trouble fording Cherry Creek to pass from Denver into Auraria, but getting out of Auraria meant ferrying across the Platte. In 1859 thousands of people made the passage, and a significant bottleneck developed. Several entrepreneurs saw more opportunity in opening saloons than in building another ferry-raft. So Auraria entertained the travelers, and Denver served primarily as a corral for their livestock.

The saloons, as Noel discusses at length, filled numerous sociological needs within the frontier town. In 1859 they thought only about pouring whiskey. Let us not presume, however, that customers would simply order whiskey the way today's sophisticates call for white wine. Connoisseurs they were: men who had developed refined tastes for particular liquors, men who preferred to order by name: Red Dynamite, Dust-Cutter, Blue Ruin, Popskull, Coffin Varnish, Red Dog, Apache Tears, White Mare's Milk, Bumblebee, Widowmaker, Panther Piss. Old Towse, as the mountain men called their wheat-based Taos Lightning, was the first whiskey to reach Auraria in commercial quantity, having been

*_The City and the Saloon: Denver, 1858-1916._ University of Nebraska Press, $16.50.

George Ertel is a market analyst in Chicago.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

brought by Uncle Dick Wootten in ox carts to celebrate the Christmas of 1858.

By the following Christmas, most of the celebrations took place in Denver. During the year, Denver's town fathers had attracted a stagecoach station. This shifted the urban trade to their side of the settlement. Within another year Auraria merged into Denver.

The saloons of Denver, Noel explains, proved their importance to Denver beyond being a place to paint your nose red. The saloons did much more than sell whiskey. It is no exaggeration to call them community centers. The townspeople turned to the saloons because other institutions were slow to become established on the frontier. When needs presented themselves, accommodative spirit coupled with competition for trade encouraged the saloonists to extend a wide range of services.

The most universal offerings were amusements to accompany the quaffing of rotgut. Customers could play poker, of course, as well as billiards and bowling. Many saloons featured libraries, parks, menageries, or crude museums to attract and entertain their patrons. Live entertainment included girls, acrobats and cockfights, theater starring luminaries like Lotta Crabtree and Edwin Booth, Eastern pointy-headed lecturers such as Horace Greeley and Oscar Wilde. Wilde sometimes addressed Denver miners on the subjects of tasteful household furnishings and the ethics of art.

In addition to potables, saloons sold the other goods and services necessary for reasonably civilized life: groceries, clothing, tobacco, hardware, patent medicine, even surgery. (Noel relates that "a gunshot victim was laid out on the bar counter under a smoky petroleum lamp and surgery was performed with a razor. Whiskey served as the anesthetic for both patient and surgeon.") Hotel accommodations were provided: "men might pay a quarter to sleep on sawdust floors or a dollar for the privilege of sleeping in a chair." The free alternatives included stretching out in a barn or curling up under the boardwalk along the street.

Prospectors came to saloons to sell their gold, deposit savings, borrow grubstakes. Real estate was bought and traded at the bar. On Sunday mornings a few saloon owners would turn over their main rooms for religious services: the bar an altar, the piano played hymns. Most pastors settled for an upstairs room, worshipping above while the revelry continued below.

Civic functions were similarly attended to in saloons. The public found it much more agreeable to finance public services through liquor receipts than through taxes. The Apollo housed the first session of the People's Government of the City of Denver and many more thereafter. The Colorado territorial legislature also met in the Apollo before reconvening serially in several other Denver saloons. Other watering holes served as court houses and post offices.

This saloon-predominant community was, as you would imagine, a rip-roaring town. That did not sit well with everyone, but we don't learn much about this opposition from Noel. A history of "the city and the saloon" ought to include greater insight into the development of the countervailing institutions that eventually closed the saloons. Unfortunately, Noel regards the opposition much the same as the saloonkeepers did: a joke, until the reformers grew too strong to be thwarted.

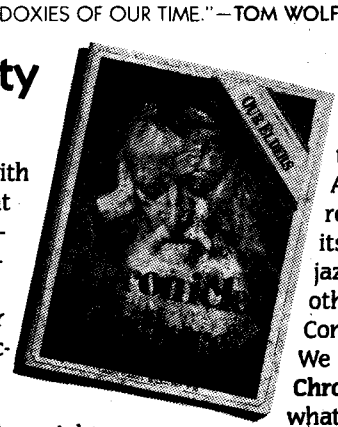
William Newton Byers, first editor of the *Rocky Mountain News*, arrived in Denver during the town's first year. His frequently published de-

AT LAST, A JOURNAL OF OPINION THAT'S

DECIDEDLY NON-LIBERAL

"IT HAS BEEN A PLEASURE TO WATCH LEOPOLD TYRMAND AND THE CHRONICLES OF CULTURE CONFRONT—A LA ORWELL—THE SMELLY LITTLE ORTHODOXIES OF OUR TIME."—TOM WOLFE

Here's your opportunity to read a copy—free!



Imagine! A journal of opinion that begins with that fresh perspective, and then goes about the business of reviewing, criticizing, essaying each month—in little danger of fraternizing with other magazines.

In each issue of **Chronicles**, we invite our readers **to think along with us** as we puncture the pompous ideas—and old-idea repeaters—of our time.

Everywhere one turns, liberal writers, playwrights, reviewers, editors and such are gushing over the most mediocre of themes—and each other.

Flaming liberals, doused monthly.

Alas, liberalism's leading product is the gaseous re-oxygenation of old, trite, tried-and-compromised ideas.

To stand aside virtually guarantees that the most noxious of dull material will be revived by an adoring Liberal Media Establishment.

Thus, our mission is clear. Every month, we shall drench these disseminators of fiery nonsense with unrelenting observations and critique.

Too many "hurrahs" for average performances.

In an era when the standing ovation is frequently offered for the most desultory performances—on stage, on film or on paper—we feel bound to cast a somewhat more critical eye than the mass media critics.

The Liberal Follies, exposed.

Another theme that delights our readers in every issue:

Our examination of what passes today for **Liberal Culture**.

We lace each issue of **Chronicles** with vignettes culled from the self-important follies-creators of our time. And our editors take some satisfaction in commenting on the absurdities and ironies of liberal attitudes.

At last, there exists a magazine **worth** reading for its originality, its zest, its willingness to examine books, film, jazz, theater, politics, the press and other institutions with no concern for Consensus or Conventional Wisdom.

We invite you to read the next issue of **Chronicles of Culture** free. If you like what you read, we welcome you as one of our regular subscribers. But you deserve a free sampling before your final decision.

Simply forward the enclosed Subscription Request and Free Issue Offer coupon. But do it today, so we may send you our freshest issue immediately.

If you are **decidedly non-liberal** in outlook, we believe you will find what we have to say—and how we have to say it in the pages of **Chronicles of Culture**—exactly what you have been looking for!

Chronicles of Culture
934 North Main Street • Rockford, Illinois 61103

I wish to judge **Chronicles of Culture** for myself. Enroll me as a potential subscriber and send me your current issue free.

☐ Bill me for $18.00 (12 monthly issues). If I'm not satisfied with my first issue I'll write "cancel" on the invoice and return it unpaid. No further obligation on my part.

☐ Check for $18.00 is enclosed. Please start my subscription now.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

AS10

Chronicles of Culture
NON-LIBERAL CRITICISM AT ITS BEST.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nunciations of saloons, despite the opprobrium and physical abuse they brought him from the local rowdies, were apparently well received by Denver's temperance league. In 1862 President Lincoln appointed John Evans to be the territorial governor. Evans was a temperate Methodist who had founded Evanston, Illinois, the home of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. Noel mentions these men in passing but neglects substantive discussion of the early popular support they enjoyed.

Christian witness initially took a small role in shaping Denver's development. Missionary pastors in the Colorado territory were few during the middle 1800s. Back East, churches had been more intent upon internal revival, and the growing trend was to send missionaries to China. As a consequence, America's frontier was overlooked. When churches began to be established in Denver, many were ethnic Lutheran which catered only to German- and Norwegian-speaking settlers. God's Frozen Chosen generally did not provide moral leadership beyond their congregational boundaries.

As the decades passed, the population changed: more people, more women, more families, more churches. In 1860 the average Denverite was a young man passing through; by the turn of the century, *she* was married. The number of churches jumped to 149 from two. Over half of the men held white-collar jobs, and many lived in saloonless suburbs, sipping cocktails in the parlor before dinner.

By default the inner-city saloons became hangouts for the poor and the shiftless. If that were all that they became, perhaps the saloons could have been tolerated, even if contemptuously, by the better folk of Denver. But the mission, the nature of the saloon, changed also.

The original saloonkeeper was a hale and hearty fellow, a man seeking wealth and good standing in the community, a man not necessarily scrupulously honest but at least possessing notions of fair play and charity. In time these men lost out to other, ruthless men interested primarily in easy profits and political clout.

Regular readers of this journal will sense instinctively what brought this to pass. The golden age of saloonery strangled in the grip of dat ole debbil Big Government. Denver's city hall learned that tax assessments against saloons, unlike cowboys, were readily enforceable. Territorial, state, and federal governments wanted their cuts, too. Also, intensive regulation by the municipal authorities created grand opportunities—quickly exploited—for graft.

Next came national brewers and distillers—Big Business. In their quests for market domination, they focused on the retail level. Each supplier sought to move huge volumes of his own product while restraining the sales of competitors' brands. Their strategies were to intimidate and control saloon operators and to promote the opening of new saloons. The number of saloons did increase, and even more dramatically than Noel suggests: in 1860 there was one saloon for each 1,150 permanent residents and transients; in 1900 Denver had about one per 460. Furthermore, the 460 contained a significantly greater proportion of (nondrinking) women and children than did the earlier 1,150. The combined effect of big government and big business meant higher costs, tighter competition, and much smaller profits. To stay open, a saloon required a crafty operator, one capable of making the most of the system such as he found it.

Where the saloons had once been havens, they now were businesses. And the business of saloons was booze, period. Bartenders scrambled to catch and hold the thirstiest, least discriminating customers. Sales subordinated entertainment, which grew increasingly cheap and tawdry. Civic involvement degenerated into machine politics.

The outcry against the crass excesses of Denver's saloons reflected the sense of the country. When the 1800s began, a temperance movement was building in the eastern states. By the close of the century it covered the nation and had become synonymous with abstinence. Arising from spiritual beliefs, the crusade drew substantial support from religious legalists, industrialists seeking greater productivity from labor, and political reformers. Women, who had been discouraged from patronizing saloons, were especially staunch supporters of legally enforced abstinence, prohibition.

Colorado was the second state to enfranchise women. The state voted to go dry on January 1, 1916, four years before the nation did so as a whole.

Oh, well. The real saloons had been gone for years, anyway. Their vitality was spent. Denver neither needed them nor wanted them anymore. No longer did the average Denverite feel natural bellied up to the bar. He had become respectable. He didn't deserve saloons. So let him drink white wine. □

CORRESPONDENCE

Fifteenth Anniversary Celebrations

I have received my first issue, which happens to be the Fifteenth Anniversary issue (December 1982). I mostly liked what I read and am pleased with my discovery. The references to school busing, affirmative action, women's lib, gay rights, point out that the social scientists in the Democratic party have spawned and developed some highly counterproductive schemes. It will take decades to recover from some of them. . . . Best wishes for your continued success.

—Robert M. Parke
Coral Gables, Florida

Professor Maurice Cranston's brilliant article ("Whatever Happened to Liberalism?") has one flaw, minor of course, yet one which needs comment. I am referring to his discussion of Andrew Young and Joseph Califano, dismissed by President Carter. Professor Cranston says that "at the very top the bureaucrat has no tenure." In actual fact, men like Califano and Young are, like the President, trying to keep the government over which they preside from being run for and in the interests of the bureaucracy. President Kennedy was once heard to say, in response to whether or not he liked a given legislative proposal, "I like it but I'm not sure the government would."

In terms of Washington bureaucracy, the top bureaucrat is the Bureau Chief, the untouchable, often because of his lateral connections with congressmen and their committees. The Bureau Chief has tenure—and power. Walter Hickel, the ill-fated Secretary of the Interior under President Nixon, once made the mistake of trying to transfer a bureau chief to another position. He learned quickly what a mistake he had made and canceled the transfer. Top bureaucrats in Washington do hold tenure and they do not serve, as do Cabinet members, at the pleasure of the Chief Executive. However, men like Califano and Young exemplify the truth of a famous axiom by Vice President Charles Dawes—"A President's natural enemies are the members of his Cabinet." Nobody better demonstrated the truth of that finding than Andrew Young during his term as U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations.

—Arnold Beichman
Visiting Scholar
Hoover Institution
Stanford, California

Heartiest congratulations on your fifteenth anniversary—and fond wishes for continued success in the future.

The American Spectator has been a refuge for me in this city of welfare patrons and high society liberals. The campus of Brooklyn College is a wasteland of "Third World" studies and radical feminist dykes. Although it's not yet as bad as the larger schools, the professorial lunatics are hard at work. *The American Spectator* helps me maintain a vestige of sanity. . . .

—Jason Maoz
Brooklyn, New York

Robert Asahina's comments in the symposium feature of your Fifteenth Anniversary issue were truly amazing. Was he paid for them?

He states that the "social agenda" of the New Right, including abortion, is a matter for "symbolic" rather than "practical" politics. . . . The elimination of an entire generation of American children is not, as Asahina suggests, the inevitable outcome of "social change," but rather the result of a specific decision written by a specific justice on a specific set of facts. *Roe* v. *Wade* was a "practical" political act by a runaway judiciary, and the only recourse for conservatives who wish to stop the horror lies in practical politics.

Asahina's "mental test" left me gaping—if the conservative agenda on abortion could be implemented, but only at the cost of more government regulation or cutbacks in defense spending, would it be "worth it?" Since when does returning to the status quo ante 1973 and *Roe* v.

(*continued on page 36*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Fanatics have their dreams," observed Keats, "wherewith they weave a paradise for a sect." —FANATICISM

By the early seventeenth century religious sects, cults, and groups of every kind were seen in most of Europe, all of them . . . attesting to the iniquity of established churches, to the need for not only breaking free of them but also planning for their destruction at whatever cost to civil order. . . . At the base of this manifestation of enthusiasm . . . lay one simple conviction: that of the goodness and divine nature of the individual prior to his corruption by the conventionalities of established Christianity.
—ENTHUSIASM

The whole of the evolutionary epic can be explained, Darwin further insisted, by study of contemporaneous processes in nature, for the processes which were instrumental in the remote past are said to be still instrumental in the present.
—DARWINISM

PREJUDICES: A PHILOSOPHICAL DICTIONARY

Robert Nisbet / Harvard University Press / $17.50

Aaron Wildavsky

A combination of playfulness and learning make this philosophical dictionary irresistible. Amused at being instructed, we learn while laughing. To do justice to this extraordinary volume would be quite impossible. I shall try to serve my apprenticeship with this master of erudition by doing something that is denied the author of a dictionary, namely, to tease out one of its strands of thought.

Beginning with the main building block of society, Nisbet finds that "the family . . . is fragmented and the range of its authority is slight." Moving to the regulation of social behavior, Nisbet believes that the American "community of crime and punishment is being destroyed today." It is society, not the sinner, who is found guilty. "Liberals . . . weep for the killer instead of the slain . . . " At the institutional level, Nisbet observes, membership in the mainstream churches declines, while those in the fundamentalist and evangelical religions increase. Though bureaucracy grows stronger, "Political government . . . seems to become weaker and more confused." As government grows in response to demands for redistribution, "the children of the bureaucratic welfare state . . . have come, in true Freudian fashion, to hate their father." As for current passions, Nisbet argues that "the rage to political entitlements alone is sufficient to explain a great deal of the inflationary engine that lies in the contemporary social system." Envy, which "proliferates during periods or in societies where equality has come to dominate other values," is the vice of our age.

In sum, authority is in decline. "The United States," Nisbet remarks, "is without doubt in one of its periods of rampant effrontery in government and in society . . . " The lack of civility today reminds him of "the habitual insolent manner of the Quaker George Fox whenever he was in the presence of an officer of the government, even the King himself or a hierarchy of the Church of England." From the family to the church to government, integrative and hierarchical institutions lose legitimacy. Single-issue groups, concerned with making demands rather than reconciling preferences, increase in importance. Bureaucracy grows on the grounds it is necessary to increase equality but this self-same desire to diminish differences in society is employed to deprive government of authority. Public feelings are dominated by the "rust of memory" called nostalgia or, better still, "what the French call *nostalgie de la boue,* literally nostalgia for the mud." It is not only God but the past that is dead and disowned, disinterred only to show how horrible American institutions have been all along. American history becomes a history of atrocities. The nature that Americans have despoiled becomes by contrast to its economic markets and social hierarchies the only benign aspiration. As Nisbet is aware,

> Environmentalism is now well on its way to becoming the third great wave of redemptive struggle in Western history, the first being Christianity, the second modern socialism. In its way, the dream of a perfect physical environment has all the revolutionary potential that lay both in the Christian vision of mankind redeemed by Christ and in the socialist, chiefly Marxian, prophecy of mankind freed from social injustice. . . . As the political left realized by the end of the 1960s a nature Utopia could enlist a much larger and more diversified following than could have been reasonably predicted in the first century for the cult of Christ or in the 19th century for a proffered workers' paradise.

What Americans call liberalism, Nisbet asserts, represents a "blatantly schizoid . . . condition," seeking to extend individual liberty and even license on one hand and embracing state intervention on the other. From what moral perspective, our historian of ideas asks, can we make sense out of the concomitant rise of bureaucracy and decline of authority?

Let us call on Robert Nisbet, the historian of ideas and social movements, to aid Robert Nisbet, the acute observer of the contemporary scene. And let us take as our text the three quotations from his dictionary, from the last to the first. Darwin says that the processes operating in the past are still exerting their full force today. Obviously, time and technology change. Nowadays, one could not make a credible charge invoking witchcraft, but the same sort of thing (see today's newspaper or this evening's television news program) may be found in the endless accusations of secret, harmful external forces invading the human body or the natural environment to wreak destruction on unconsenting adults. Modified to suit Nisbet's social analysis, we can say that what matters to people is how they deal with other people and how other people treat them. Thus the same configuration of social forces at one time may produce similar consequences at another time.

From Nisbet's account and from everyone's personal experience, hierarchical authority is on the decline in the United States. The nonexistent growth of hierarchy cannot be responsible for contemporary complaints. It should also be evident, with exceptions for monopolies, that the growth of state regulation would not be the primary preference of a market culture. It is not hierarchy or markets, I maintain, but sectarian culture whose growing strength leads to the pattern of observations reported in Nisbet's dictionary.

Moving up to the next of our quotations from Nisbet under his dictionary designation of "ENTHUSIASM," we find a classic description of sectarianism: people are good but are corrupted by evil institutions.

Aaron Wildavsky teaches political science at the University of California, Berkeley.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Each person has direct communication with the ideal, whether it be God or nature; no one should be subject to control either by direct coercive authority, as in hierarchies, or by indirect submission to market forces. The individual can be free only when hierarchies and markets have been destroyed, thereby doing away with the forces of inequality.

The overwhelming commitment of sectarians to equality (how else could people live together if their foremost desire is to reject authority?) makes them susceptible to redistributive measures. On one side, they can hope to achieve greater equality in society; on the other, they can weaken the market forces to which they are opposed. But what about their increasing reliance on state power? They are opposed to hierarchy. This potential contradiction explains the perennial split among sectarians between social democracy and decentralization, between accepting some authority as the price for reducing inequality or choosing the route we now call "small is beautiful," thus tolerating some competition in order to avoid further restriction on individual behavior. Reluctant to make painful choices, sectarians adopt a recognizable strategy—building up the state bureaucracy to secure redistribution while simultaneously denying it authority. In this way, for a time at least, rejection of authority and use of government to secure equality may be reconciled.

Nisbet views egalitarianism as the handmaid of collectivism. Fearing that state power will overturn weakened sources of social support, he argues that

> [t]he only remedy for the poisons created by egalitarianism in a society is emphatically not ever-greater dosages of political redistribution of wealth in state, for such dosages worsen the disease, producing fevers of avarice and envy. No, the sole remedy for this pathology is the introduction and diffusion of individual liberty as a sovereign value. Respect for individual liberty makes it possible for human beings to live in and be aware of differentiation. . . . Belief in liberty rather than equality cannot help but make acceptable the differences of strength, talent, and will which are as natural to the social as to the biological order. For as liberty encourages differentiation, so the free flow of differentiation in a social body puts a premium on liberty.

What Nisbet wishes is an intermediary position between hierarchy and equality. But he must choose.

The personal initiative Nisbet prizes cannot come without individual entrepreneurship and the social institutions he respects cannot come without hierarchical authority. To say that there is too much bureaucracy is not necessarily to say that hierarchy is inherently evil. On the contrary, confined to its proper sphere, bureaucracy is essential for fulfilling state functions. Other hierarchical institutions are less likely to be respected when government is reviled. No king, to paraphrase venerable advice, no bishop.

Carried to its extreme, sectarianism becomes hyper-pluralism—incessant demands on government for action but lack of support when trouble ensues—which is where Nisbet's book and this review end. Along the way (viz. the first quote from Keats on fanaticism), we come better to understand the consequences of the sectarian social vision: in order to live a life without authority, it is necessary to destroy what cannot be perfected. □

CRISIS: THE LAST YEAR OF THE CARTER PRESIDENCY
Hamilton Jordan / Putnam / $16.95

REAGAN
Lou Cannon / Putnam / $18.95

Vic Gold

The saddest thing about Washington is all those people who live there in the past. They don't have any identity anymore, other than "She was a member of the Ford administration," or "He was a member of Nixon's Cabinet." It's a city filled with people who are trying to make a comeback. And that's fine for them, but not for me. I never want to go back. —Hamilton Jordan
Quoted on tour, October 1982

Let me tell you about those grapes: they were sour anyway.

Alas, poor Ham, we knew him all too well. I can still see him swaggering into a downtown Washington restaurant one Saturday evening, tie at half mast, beer can in hand, surrounded by a blown-dry and bouffant coterie of good ol' boy sycophants and their ladies. Here was Flem Snopes come to the nation's capital—smug, truculent, a political hustler enjoying if not his White House job, then its perquisites. And the scene just described, mind you, occurred in the period *after* Jimmy Carter's *éminence grits* was said by the news media to have cleaned up his act as a rustic smart-ass; that is, in the time frame covered by Jordan in his self-serving memoir of the terminal year of the ministry of the Parson from Plains, when the author was serving as point man in both the Iranian hostage negotiations and White House efforts to meet the Kennedy presidential primary challenge.

Vic Gold, author of PR as in President, *lives in Washington.*

Once, in a tasteful past, we were spared first-hand accounts of our presidential embarrassments. No publisher was heard to bid, for example, on *Crisis: The Last Year of the Benjamin Harrison Presidency.* But in this Supermedia Age of overcommunication, apparently every administration, however irrelevant, is geared to produce, at a minimum, half-a-dozen additions to the devalued literature of American political science. There is always the President's, of course, telling us of his *ordeal of power, loneliness of decision, awesome responsibility, etc.*; then the First Lady's; then the Children's; then the Press Secretary's; then the Alter Ego's; not to forget the anguished memoirs that spin from the ghost-writers and word processors of disenchanted ex-presidential advisers. (With Jordan in print and Jody Powell in galley proofs, can Cyrus Vance's *cri de coeur* be far behind?)

Nevertheless, Santayana's overworked maxim about the lessons of history to the contrary, can anything truly be learned by examining the burned entrails of American presidential history, circa 1976-80? And if the answer is, *Yes*, let me ask: is it worth more than a footnote?

Consider the case of Hamilton Jordan. Other than small-gauge political gossip, what could Jimmy Carter's erstwhile chief of snuff possibly contribute to anyone's understanding of our national body politic? More to the point, is anything he has to say on the subject credible?

Read the *American Spectator* report that has the

NBC Nightly News
Today Show
New York Times

and many others in a pother.

"The Counterfeit Peacemakers: Atomic Freeze," by Rael Jean Isaac and Erich Isaac. The Issacs' in-depth feature documents the Soviet involvement in the nuclear freeze movement, and first appeared in the June 1982 issue of *The American Spectator.* Since then the article has been the subject of a White House press conference, as well as numerous national newspaper articles and television shows. Order your copy of this 12-page report and make up your own mind about Soviet infiltration of the freeze movement. And while you are at it, send for additional copies for your friends—and enemies.

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR
Reprint Department, P.O. Box 1969, Bloomington, IN 47402.

☐Please rush me ..... reprints of "The Counterfeit Peacemakers: Atomic Freeze." My check for $..... is enclosed. $ 1.25 for one
$10.00 for ten
$20.00 for twenty-five
$75.00 for one hundred
$350.00 for five hundred

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____ X3MW

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Remember, this is the same Hamilton Jordan who, in 1976, informed *Playboy* magazine that if the likes of Vance and Zbigniew Brzezinski became members of the Carter Administration, Jimmy would just have to find himself a new Alter Ego. Ham, we were told in no uncertain terms, would take a walk. It sounded convincing; yet there we find Jordan, pictured on page 160 of his diary of the last year of the Carter Presidency, walking with Cy and Zbig at Camp David, presumably pondering the hostage crisis and/or the Great National Malaise. Ham, it goes without saying, is the one without the tie.

All right, so Mr. Jordan went to Washington anyway. But did he enjoy the power and perks of life in the West Wing? Absolutely not, he now assures us. Indeed, he had no intention of staying on for another four years, even if Carter had been reelected. Hamilton Jordan, let it be noted, has better things to do with his life.

Let it also be noted that Washington, in addition to being a city filled with "people who are trying to make a comeback," has over the years suffered more than its share of transient hacks who might euphemistically be called poseurs; less euphemistically, phonies; uneuphemistically, as they say down in Georgia, political bullshit artists; the most egregious of whom are those arrogant boors who, while constantly railing against the sham of the city and its inhabitants, stay their leave until the last hors d'oeuvre disappears, the bar shuts down, and the hostess hands them their coats and moves them toward the door.

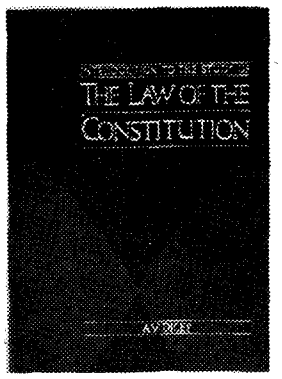
"I was not a public person, nor could I think of myself as one," writes Jordan, disingenuously explicating why he came to be a Presidential Alter Ego who got no respect. "Despite my later image as a playboy, I spent most of my first year at the White House working twelve to fifteen hours a day. Because of my work, I never went out socially, nor did I try to become part of the Washington scene."

All of which happens to be patent revisionist bullshit, unless one is of a mind to think that posing back-to-back with Jody Powell for a *Rolling Stone* cover is the mark of a workaholic presidential aide who craves privacy. Remember that Butch Cassidy & Sundance Kid caper? Memoirs like *Crisis: The Last Year of the Carter Presidency* work from the premise that readers, swept up in the high melodrama of life in the West Wing, will forget such incidentals. *Crisis!!!* The very word is intended as a blinding distraction to the reality of the Carter years, a period when comic rubes held barbecues atop the West Wing roof and the Leader of the Free World could reveal to his countrymen that in matters of nuclear dimension he had no better counselor than his pre-teen daughter.

Thus, Jordan would have the reader take him seriously when he relates, with a straight face, the reason why he and other members of the Carter entourage had misgivings about their boss's hilarious fluff during his 1980 presidential campaign debate with Ronald Reagan. "Most people," Jordan tells us, "saw Amy as a freckled-faced little girl growing up in the White House. They didn't know how smart she was, and quoting her on nuclear war sounded contrived."

Ah, so that was it. Pity. If we had only known of the freckled-faced little girl's grasp of thermonuclear strategy and Soviet geopolitical aims, all might have turned out for the better and Jerry Rafshoon (Carter's Alter Image) would not have been driven to remark, on hearing the Amy line, "It's so bad that it's funny. ' Which comment, in this admittedly biased reviewer's opinion, is a synoptic appraisal of the Carter Administration

LibertyPress
LibertyClassics



Introduction to the Study of The Law of the Constitution

By A. V. Dicey

Forward by Roger E. Michener

Dicey's classic study of the British Constitution and the rule of law was first published in 1885. In subsequent editions he tried to take account of intervening constitutional developments. The last edition Dicey himself prepared was the eighth, which appeared in 1915. This Liberty*Classics* volume presents that edition rather than later posthumous editions in which Dicey's own work was further updated by an editor. While Dicey's discussion of British law is of interest in its own right, his discussion of the concept of the rule of law will be of at least equal interest to contemporary readers. Hardcover $15.00, Softcover $7.00.

Prepayment is required on all orders not for resale. We pay book rate postage on prepaid orders. Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery. *All* orders from outside the United States *must* be prepaid *in U.S. dollars*. To order, or for a copy of our catalogue, write:
Liberty*Press*/Liberty*Classics*
7440 North Shadeland, Dept. B102
Indianapolis, IN 46250

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

itself and, to the matter at hand, of Ham Jordan's labored effort to make high melodrama of low political comedy. Am I unfair? Judge for yourself:

"I left my office only once all morning," writes Jordan, describing a key episode in his career as a hostage negotiator, "to call Stan Turner. I had been thinking a lot about my meeting with the Iranian contact and was worried to death that we would be found out, probably destroying any chance of implementing the scenario. I had to be sure that this didn't happen. 'Stan, I would like to have someone from the Agency who works in disguises meet me this afternoon. Is that possible?'

"'Of course, Ham. Should he come with equipment—and where do you want to meet?'

"I tried to think of an inconspicuous place. 'Tell him to come to the South Gate. I'll have him cleared and taken to the White House barbershop—it's closed on Wednesdays . . .'"

Had enough? If not, to put matters into perspective, imagine a situation in which James Baker—having been outfitted by the CIA in the White House barbershop—is dispatched overseas in dark glasses, a hairpiece, and false mustache, to conduct secret negotiations on behalf of Ronald Reagan. But, of course, as even the incumbent Administration's worst media enemies would concede, nothing of the sort could ever come to pass. No. Only in the White House of the Carter years could such a "scenario" have been played out, and only in the Supermedia Age could a stilted apologia for the most banal quadrennial in American history be palmed off, at $16.95 a copy, as a serious contribution to public understanding of those events which, as Walter Cronkite used to say, alter and illuminate our times.

Lou Cannon, though he deals with his subject matter from the outside-looking-in, succeeds in making such a contribution in *Reagan,* the most definitive biography to date of the man who relieved Jordan and his boss of the onerous burden of enduring Washington for four more years. Now White House correspondent for the *Washington Post,* Cannon is universally recognized as journalism's preeminent Reaganologist, having covered his subject since the days in California when Governor Reagan was being dismissed by his critics as a Hollywood flash, all glitter and no depth. Author of a previous work on Reagan's early political years, Cannon with his latest book brings his studies up to date, through the President's campaigns and the first year of the Reagan Administration. For those who think they know all there is to know about the triumphs and vicissitudes of the 1976 and 1980 Reagan presidential campaigns—the rise and fall of John Sears, the night Gerald Ford almost became Ron's running mate—Cannon's book offers fresh material based on previously untapped sources.

In sum, however, it is Cannon's thesis that for all his reputation as the Great Communicator, Ronald Reagan is the most misunderstood American President in modern history—an amateur politician with a professional touch, consistently underestimated by his enemies. What these critics have failed to understand about Reagan, writes Cannon, is that he "was not believable because he was the Great Communicator; he was the Great Communicator because he was believable."

"It is Reagan's achievement that he defined the ground of political discourse of both his governorship and his presidency," writes Cannon. "He has set the agenda on most issues, outlined the priorities. . . . Whatever the judgment of historians, Reagan has made a difference. Like his hero Roosevelt, he has tried to lead the nation in the direction he thinks it should go rather than follow it in the direction he believes it is going. . . . He has not left the world the way he found it."

If the words have the ring of a political epitaph it is because Cannon is among those who believe Reagan will not choose to run for reelection in 1984. This reviewer doesn't happen to share that opinion; but the shrewd Washington political handicapper knows better than to dismiss lightly anything Lou Cannon has to say about Ronald Reagan. Thus, it may well be that the Great Communicator, while he enjoys the power and perks of life in the West Wing, has better things to do with his life. Say, write a book. □

Fill in those gaps!

Are you missing back issues of *The American Spectator*? If so, you may have missed thought-provoking essays by William F. Buckley, Jr., Jude Wanniski, Malcolm Muggeridge, Milton Friedman, and many of your other favorite writers. You may be without our special articles on Soviet infiltration of the nuclear freeze movement, why American women make lousy lovers, and radical Protestantism. It is even possible that an editorial from our award-winning editor, R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. eluded you.

If you want to see what some of today's most lively and interesting writers had to say on these and many other topics, or if you want to get extra copies of a favorite issue, place your order today and fill the gaps in your collection of *The American Spectator*. We must warn you that some issues are in limited supply because of reader demand. Use this handy order form and send for your back issues today.

Send for your favorite back issues today. Simply use this form, or a reasonable facsimile, and send with your check or money order.

☐ Please send ..... bound editions of volume 15 (January through December 1982) at $35 each.

VOLUME 12—1979
☐ #1 Jerry Brown
☐ #2 Douglas MacArthur
☐ #3 Irving Kristol
☐ #4 FTC vs. Children's TV
☐ #5 Joseph Heller
☐ #6 Whittaker Chambers and Alger Hiss
☐ #7 Tom Wolfe
☐ #8 Winston Churchill
☐ #8 Boat People
☐ #10 Franklin D. Roosevelt
☐ #11 Norman Podhoretz
☐ #12 Fidel Castro

VOLUME 13—1980
☐ #1 Khomeini
☐ #2 Norman Mailer
☐ #3 John Connally
☐ #4 Naderism
☐ #5 John Anderson
☐ #6 Barry Commoner
☐ #7 Ronald Reagan
☐ #8 Ramsey Clark
☐ #9 PLO
☐ #10 Jimmy Carter
☐ #11 Foreign Policy Issue
☐ #12 Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn

VOLUME 14—1981
☐ #1 E.L. Doctorow
☐ #2 Jimmy Carter's Official Portrait
☐ #3 Qaddafi
☐ #4 Valery Giscard D'Estaing
☐ #5 Marxism
☐ #6 George Orwell
☐ #7 Shawcross vs. Rodman
☐ #8 Alan Alda
☐ #9 Jacobo Timerman
☐ #10 Lee Harvey Oswald
☐ #11 The Gaudy Game of Human Rights
☐ #12 Richard Nixon

VOLUME 15—1982
☐ #1 Michael Foot
☐ #2 Betty Friedan
☐ #3 Reagan Year One
☐ #4 Poland
☐ #5 The New Nietzsche
☐ #6 Nuclear Neurosis
☐ #7 High Life/Low Life
☐ #8 Billy Graham/American Women
☐ #9 Henry Kissinger
☐ #10 Michael Novak
☐ #11 P.G. Wodehouse
☐ #12 15th Anniversary Issue

Please send me the back isues checked above. (The Fifteenth Anniversary issue is $2.50. all other back issues are $2.) Postage and handling included.

Enclosed is my check for $.....

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

X3MY

The American Spectator • P.O. Box 1969, Bloomington, IN 47402

DEATH PENALTIES: THE SUPREME COURT'S OBSTACLE COURSE

Raoul Berger / Harvard University Press / $17.50

Walter Berns

This latest of Raoul Berger's books is not likely to provoke anything like the reaction that greeted his *Government by Judiciary*. That was a study of the origins of the Fourteenth Amendment and its transformation (or deliberate distortion) by the Supreme Court. Published in 1977, some years after the Court had used the Amendment to strike down public school segregation and malapportioned legislatures, *Government by Judiciary* demonstrated that the Amendment's equal protection clause was not intended by those who wrote and ratified it to affect either school segregation or voting (to say nothing of how or where votes are counted). As Berger could have anticipated, the book was widely reviewed and almost as widely de-

Walter Berns is a Resident Scholar at the American Enterprise Institute.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nounced, and not merely by the partisans of school desegregation or of one person, one equally weighted vote. As the book's title implies, Berger also took issue with the proposition that the judges are entitled to make whatever law they please out of the Constitution's provisions, and that they are so entitled because, all things considered, we the people are better governed by them than by our elected representatives. This, as Berger iterates and reiterates, was not the judgment embodied in either the Constitution or the Fourteenth Amendment.

Still, investigations into the "true meaning" of that amendment make up a kind of cottage industry, one employing hundreds of legal historians—the State of Virginia has even put together a source book to facilitate their investigations—and Berger's findings were by no means unique. Anyone who had taken the trouble to read what had already been published could have known that the equal protection clause was not intended to abolish school segregation or to require legislative districts to be approximately equal in size of population. What probably made Berger unique was his forthright willingness to abide by the consequences of his findings: to put the matter simply, rather than permit the Court to misread the Constitution's language (but only in preference to that), he would have been willing to accept racially segregated schools and grossly malapportioned legislatures. That, I think, is why he was attacked so vigorously.

The book in hand, however, is likely to be ignored. It is likely to be ignored because it is largely a repetition of the earlier one. At least 87 of its 204 pages of text are given over to a treatment of that hardy perennial, incorporation of the Bill of Rights by the Fourteenth Amendment, and, for another example, to a rehashing of the dispute between him and his critics over the role of the Court. Another twenty pages are devoted to the subject now being debated in various congressional committees, Congress's power to restrict the jurisdiction of the federal courts, a subject on which he has interesting but by no means original things to say. Fewer than 100 pages are given over to the nominal subject of this book, the Supreme Court's handling of capital cases, but they are more than sufficient for his purpose. That purpose was to show that the Court has, once again, been misinterpreting the Constitution and, more specifically, misinterpreting the clause forbidding cruel and unusual punishments. That is certainly true, but anyone likely to read this book will already know it, and those who don't know it—the "people"—are not likely to read the book.

Berger thinks that, apprised of the facts, "the people . . . will not be at a loss for corrective measures," but he leaves his readers at a loss for the corrective measures they should take. Are we to infer from his chapter on Congress's power over the federal judiciary that he would have the people demand legislation depriving the Court of jurisdiction to hear appeals in capital cases coming from the states? If so, is he really willing to leave the question of life or death to the states, which is likely to mean to local juries, knowing, as he ought to know, what those juries have done and might still be capable of doing? There are now more than 1,000 convicts on death row, and would he have the people insist that they now be executed, and with dispatch (however belated)? They have all been sentenced under the new rules, derived from the *Furman* case in 1972, and he may be justified in the opinion that they deserve to die; but would he be justified in the opinion that, without Supreme Court review, the next thousand would truly deserve to die? His answer is that this is

Changing your address?

Please attach the address label from the *most recent* issue of your *American Spectator* in the space provided. Print your new address and mail this form to *The American Spectator*. When writing to us about your subscription, always attach your address label or print your name and address exactly as they appear on your address label. Be sure to include the line of information above your name.

IMPORTANT
Allow six weeks for address change.

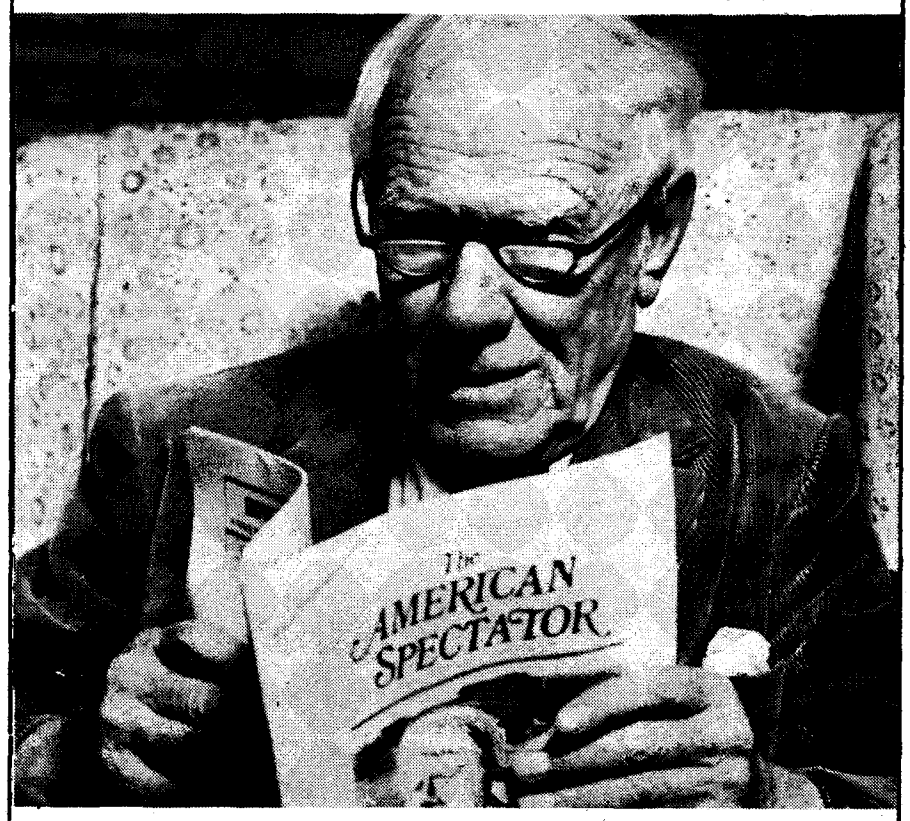
THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR
Circulation Department
P.O. Box 1969
Bloomington, IN 47402

(Please attach address label here.)

☐ Please renew my subscription for one year (twelve issues—$19)
☐ Payment enclosed
☐ Please bill me

PLEASE PRINT
Name
Address
City
State Zip
Date of change

Who reads The American Spectator?



Malcolm Muggeridge

ALSO: Ronald Reagan, Ben Wattenberg, Peregrine Worsthorne, Frederick Pederson, S.I. Hayakawa, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, Henry Kissinger, Clayton Fritchey, Milton Friedman, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Midge Decter, James Q. Wilson, David Brinkley, Woody Allen, Joseph Coors, Irving Kristol, Henry Fairlie, Alan Abelson, Charlton Heston, Senator Jake Garn, Edwin J. Feulner, Jr., Gertrude Himmelfarb, James Hitchcock, Gen. Alexander Haig, Tom Wolfe, James Jackson Kilpatrick, George Gilder, Jack Paar, Donald H. Rumsfeld, George Will, J. Peter Grace, Maj. Gen. George S. Patton, III, Fred Iklé, Philip Crane, George W. Ball, Tom Stoppard, William F. Buckley, Jr., Patrick Buchanan, Albert Shanker, Lewis Lapham, Rowland Evans, Robert Novak, Jude Wanniski, Jack Kemp, William Rusher, Richard M. Nixon, William E. Simon, Malcolm S. Forbes, Jr., Thomas J. Lescher, Norman Mailer, Clare Boothe Luce, Gerald R. Ford, Melvin Lasky, Nelson Polsby, Roger Milliken, Randolph Richardson, Thomas Sowell, Sidney Hook, Jim Fallows, Edith Efron, Gen. A.C. Wedemeyer, James L. Buckley, Elliott Abrams, Lewis Lehrman, William Randolph Hearst, Jr., Shmuel Moyal, Huntington Cairns, Eric Hoffer, Anne Armstrong, Norman Podhoretz, Jeff MacNelly, Doris Grumbach, Ernest van den Haag, Paul McCracken, Brock Yates, Ray Price, James Wechsler, James Glassman, John Roche, John Camberlain, William Safire, Neal Kozodoy, Henry Salvatori, David Meiselman, Martin Peretz, Charles Horner, Edward Banfield, Victor Lasky, Raymond Aron, Roy Cohn, Joseph Hazan, Eugene V. Rostow, Michael Novak, Richard Perle, Hugh Kenner, Frank Shakespeare, William Proxmire, Patrick Cosgrave, Jean-François Revel, Luigi Barzini, Tom Charles Huston, Clay La Force, John Lofton, Larry Flynt, M. Stanton Evans, Dana Andrews, Richard Whalen, Richard Lugar, Henry Regnery, Charles Peters, John Lukacs, Leonard Garment, Michael Kinsley, Tom Winter, Nathan Glazer, John O'Sullivan, Alan Reynolds, Antonio Martino, Colin Welch, Robert Bleiberg, Herb Stein, Roger Starr, Walter Goodman, Harry Jaffa, Jeffrey Hart, David Packard, Robert Nisbet, James R. Schlesinger, Thomas Murphy, Suzanne Garment, Roger Rosenblatt, Anthony Harrigan, Robert L. Bartley, David Stockman, Richard Allen, Ernest Lefever, Sen. Paul Laxalt, Joseph A. Califano, Garry Trudeau, David E. Davis, P.J. O'Rourke, William M.H. Hammett, Adin K. Woodward, Robert Lekachman, Leo Rosten, Arthur Laffer, Jerome F. Donovan, Col. Harry G. Summers, Jr., Steve Tesich, and many others.

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR, P.O. Box 1969, Bloomington, Indiana 47402

Please enter a
☐ new
☐ renewal subscription to *The American Spectator* for one year (12 issues) for only $19.
☐ Payment enclosed
☐ Bill me later

Please Print
Name
Address
City
State Zip

X3MT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

none of his business, or our business, or the Supreme Court's business, because when it proposed the Fourteenth Amendment in 1866, the 39th Congress did not intend to make it the business of anyone other than the authorities of a particular state.

That is probably not true and is surely not sufficient. One can agree that the Constitution does not regard death to be a cruel and unusual punishment, and that, the Supreme Court notwithstanding, the Eighth Amendment does not require the punishments imposed to be proportioned to the crimes committed, and, anyway, that the Fourteenth Amendment was not intended to make the Eighth Amendment applicable to the states. Nevertheless, by the Fourteenth Amendment every state is forbidden to "deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws," and, Raoul Berger notwithstanding, that requirement is not met by any state that executes its black murderers, for example, and imprisons its white murderers or (as happened recently in Virginia) imposes a fine of a thousand dollars on its white killers.

Even the advocates of capital punishment (and I am one of them) must agree that this sort of discriminatory sentencing is forbidden by the Constitution. □

ROUGHNECKING IT

Chilton Williamson, Jr. / Simon and Schuster / $15.50

Joe Mysak

Roughnecks work on rigs in the oil patch. They make about $14 an hour, and drive large four-wheel-drive vehicles such as GMC Jimmys, Ford Broncos, High Sierras, and Jeep Renegades. When they are not drilling or driving back from the rig, they drink beer and Walker's whiskey. When they are not drilling, driving, or drinking, they go shooting with various pieces of the high-powered arsenals they usually carry around with them in their vehicles.

Like Mark Twain in *Roughing It* over a century ago, Chilton Williamson, Jr. went out west to see what was going on, which turns out to have been nothing less than the creation of the new wild west, a return to the frontier of gold-rush days by way of the oil boom. In 1975, writes Williamson, American Quasar, using the most advanced in seismic data and drilling and computer technology, made a huge find in the Pineville Field near Coalville, Utah, an event that "was the sort of success story the oil people had been waiting for."

What happened next? Williamson explains: "So the Energy Boom came to Wyoming, which still called itself the Cowboy State. The boom brought population explosions that caused settled small towns like Rock Springs to be buried under a sea of tent cities and tract houses as it soared in three years from ten thousand to nineteen thousand people; it brought air pollution where formerly there had been only pure Rocky Mountain air, bright and thin as Coors beer; it brought indignation to the hearts of the Sierra Club; it brought massive public drunkenness, shootings, car wrecks, prostitutes, drug pushers, and, some people said, mobsters. Within a few years, Wyoming had become a synonym for everything that was going on in the American West to transmute, by a wild and sinister chemistry, the Old West into the New."

In sum, here was the proverbial story waiting to be written. It could and probably has been done in a few visits by teams of magazine reporters and photographers, their slick words accompanied by even slicker full-color spreads. But this author chose the more difficult method of writing the story, and has thus turned out a truer, more intimate study. That is, he went out and worked, drank, shot, and hunted—he became a roughneck even while writing this book.

This participant-observer journalism is something Williamson does very well. In *Roughnecking It* he sharpens the technique he first employed in *Saltbound*, a book about a winter on Block Island. This is a "larger" story, all right, but it was probably easier to set down. In *Saltbound*, Williamson had to insinuate himself into a very closed, insular group of townie islanders. In *Roughnecking It*, he had no such problem. There was no particular native set; in Kemmerer, Wyoming, Chilton Williamson was just another transient pioneer. Like any pioneer, all he had to prove was that he was made of sturdy stuff. Judge for yourself: in the course of this book, the author drinks approximately 384 cans of beer, kills perhaps two fifths of Walker's, picks off a number of innocent animals whose only mistake was having merrily bounded into his range, and helps wreck four trucks—things all men love to do. In the course of his revels, however, Williamson had to perform the difficult task of writing about his friends. How easy this was is anyone's guess, but it should be noted that the author now lives in Wyoming, a happily married man.

"Wyoming is to me America—or rather, what was America," the author confides about halfway through *Roughnecking It*. Like the mountain man and Indian scout of old, Williamson is something of an environmentalist, for all his hell-raising. He recognizes the necessity of the oil wells, and the vigor of boom times—but he doesn't have to like it. And he doesn't, although he keeps his environmentalist streak pretty well buried here.

What interests Williamson most is the cast of characters settling the new west, men like Sam Slade, the New York-born roughneck and driller, a hard-working rowdy of the instantly recognizable good-guy type. Men like Ed Cantrell, the focus of the almost eerily controlled "Ballad of Ed Cantrell," about a sheriff's killing of one of his own officers. And women like Nancy Peternal, a local politician of the "activist" stripe, bent on preserving something of the west.

Also in the cast are the Mormons. They pique Williamson's curiosity about religion; he listens to them sympathetically, but eschews conversion because of their strictures concerning the consumption of spirits. At the other end of the spectrum are the Commissary Commandos, who stage a spectacularly boozy rampage each summer.

Roughnecking It is a deft journalistic performance. Chilton Williamson knows how to catch a character and tell a story. With G.P. Morris, who wrote in the mid-1800s, he knows that "the land of the heart is the land of the West." *Roughnecking It* is a perfectly rumbustious book. □

Joe Mysak is a reporter for the Daily Bond Buyer.

There is opportunity in America!

Sarkes Tarzian Inc., Bloomington, Indiana

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW INDIVIDUALIST REVIEW

Introduction by Milton Friedman / Liberty Press / $12.00

Vincent Fitzpatrick

Lyndon Johnson Got 130% of The Votes Needed to Lose!

The great victory of Conservatism at the polls in November must not cause the Forces of Freedom to be lulled into complacency. Even though 26 million right-thinking Americans spoke out against moral decay, we must remember that 40 million misguided people—besotted by pornography and drugged by fluoridated water—confusedly endorsed the status quo! . . .

The editors of NIR, *however, would remind our compatriots only that*

(1) The enemy is stronger than ever, although recent political events may make us unduly optimistic.

(2) To stay alert, we must stay well informed and pure.

(3) NIR *doesn't cost very much.*

REMEMBER . . . When roving Communist bands come through your *community, they must not find an economically illiterate populace . . . Subscribe to* New Individualist Review!

This marvelous book contains every page published in the *New Individualist Review* from its first issue in 1961 to the last in 1968. Its history is told succinctly in Milton Friedman's introduction: the intellectual climate had been made more clement for Liberalism (the Liberalism that is more than verbally related to Liberty) by the founding of the Mont Pelerin Society in 1947 by Friedrich Hayek. Hayek came to the University of Chicago after the war, where he became mentor to the Committee on Social Thought. This group of professors and students was primarily responsible for the *New Individualist Review*, assisted by "students in economics, business, and other areas who shared the value commitment although they were more technically and professionally oriented in their studies. . . . [I]t cannot be too strongly emphasized that the *New Individualist Review* was throughout —in its conception, editing, and management—a student venture."

If anything makes *NIR* a period piece, it is its quality. For, as Professor Friedman also notes, the debate on college campuses fell to an elemental level in the late sixties. This degeneration is happily absent from *NIR*, though the times are reflected in the spring 1967 issue, devoted to a conference on the draft held at the University of Chicago in December 1966.

Murray Rothbard (to select at random) was a frequent contributor to *NIR*, with articles usually on economics, but also a tribute to Mencken, "The Joyous Libertarian." (Mencken is celebrated as well in an article by William H. Nolte.)

In "The Fallacy of the 'Public Sector'" Rothbard unsurprisingly vivisects J.K. Galbraith's hobbyhorse of that era, the insufficient devotion of the nation's resources to state purposes:

> By what standards does Dr. Galbraith conclude that the private sector is too bloated and the public sector too anemic, and therefore that government must exercise further coercion to rectify its own malnutrition? "There will be a question as to what is the test of balance—at what point may we conclude that balance has been achieved in the satisfaction of private and public needs. The answer is that no test can be applied, for none exists. . . . The present imbalance is clear. . . . This being so, the direction in which we move to correct matters is utterly plain. [John Kenneth Galbraith, *The Affluent Society*, pp 320-321.]"

After quoting Galbraith, Rothbard goes to the trouble of refuting him anyway.

In "Herbert Clark Hoover: A Reconsideration," Rothbard takes on what had become, as the Depression faded into the not-so-distant past, the reputation of Hoover as the great humanitarian, the victim of economic forces beyond his control, "the Chief." Rothbard's strictures prefigure the supply-side verdict on Hoover's tariff and income-tax hikes and his adherence to the "New Economics," a pre-Keynesian demand-side doctrine that economic advance had been *caused* by high wage rates. Increases in wage rates from 1929 to 1932, imposed at Hoover's insistence, in the teeth of a sharp deflation, only worsened unemployment. But Rothbard digs back to World War I—the period of Hoover's usually unquestioned humanitarian activities, to argue that Hoover was just about congenitally enamored of economic interventionism.

Rothbard mentions a book I have never seen mentioned *anywhere*—John T. Flynn's *The Roosevelt Myth*. The reference is merely in passing, but this instance suggests one invaluable feature of a reprint such as this: the many authors constantly quote innumerable obscure writers and forgotten (in the case of *The Roosevelt Myth*, the word is more probably "suppressed") books, turning the volume into a kind of English-garden

---

Vincent Fitzpatrick is a consultant for the Nestle Coordination Center for Nutrition in Washington, D.C.

NOVELS

by J. Inchardi

$13 each

An American Trilogy

Lines On The Death Of A Fisherman

Three Jews In A Tub

Dreamship

An Allegorical Trilogy

Yurros

A Paper Toy

Intercurse

A Demonic Trilogy

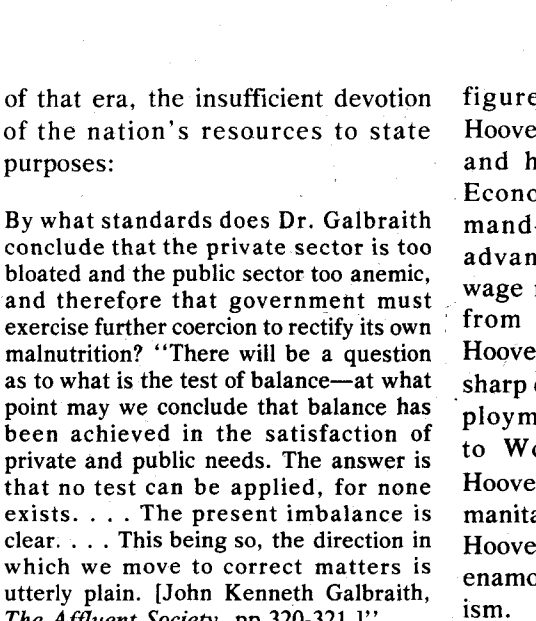
Jehovah Mafioso

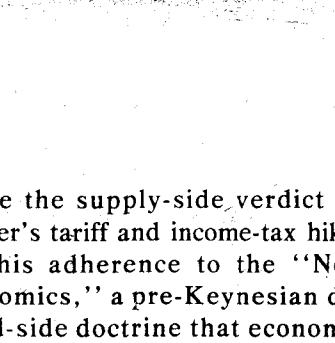
Saturn Maru

Drek Shlak

Order by mail from Sirius Books
P.O. Box 177, Freeport, Maine 04032

The Mark of a True Book Lover





ACTUAL SIZE

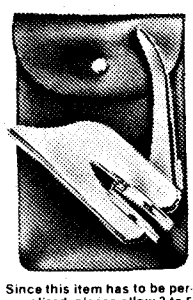
This is the same heavy duty chrome plated embosser used by professional librarians to mark and identify books.

Now you can have one with your own name and initials on a 1½" diameter seal. It's easy to use ...simply insert the page, squeeze the handle and "LIBRARY OF (your name)" and initials will be clearly embossed (see photo).

Thousands sold at $20 or more!

Now Only $14.95 ea.

This quality embosser is fully guaranteed and comes with a handy storage pouch.
A great gift idea for all book lovers... including yourself!



Since this item has to be personalized, please allow 3 to 5 weeks for delivery.

How do you want your seal to read?

Print name and initials exactly the way you want them to appear.

INITIALS

NAME

For additional embossers, simply print names and initials on a separate sheet of paper.

Check One
A check or money order is enclosed
Please charge this purchase to:

VISA Card MasterCard

Account #

MasterCard 4 digits above your name

Exp Date _____ Signature _____

BARNES/SALE & NOBLE/ANNEX
126 FIFTH AVENUE DEPT. E449
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10011

Please send me _____ embosser(s) at only $14.95 each plus $1.75 each for postage and insurance. (N.Y. and N.J. residents: Please add sales tax.)

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Offer good only in the continental U.S.A. 0038158

© 1982 Barnes & Noble Bookstores, Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

encyclopedia, full of twists and turns and unexpected views, but covering the field (Libertarian thought) thoroughly. Several regular departments of the magazine provide the same kind of random richness: the book reviews (by and about von Mises, Hayek, etc., etc.), of course, and a section in the back which lists and summarizes interesting new books and articles.

• • •

In the Coming Year [1964] . . .

New Individualist Review *will NOT publish articles by James Baldwin, Ralph McGill, Walter Lippmann, J. William Fulbright, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Gore Vidal, Jean-Paul Sartre, Nehru, or Howard N'Bongo-Bongo, Prime Minister of Anthropophagia;*

NIR *will not tell you how affluent you are, or urge you to write your Congressman to triple your income-tax, so that the country can eliminate squalor in the public sector;*

NIR *will not attempt to distinguish between in-itself and for-itself in the Theatre of the Absurd, or compare Bertholt Brecht favorably with Shakespeare;*

NIR *will not claim that Portuguese rule in Angola is the single greatest threat to world peace today;*

NIR *will not try to convert you to Zen Buddhism;*

NIR *will not assert that American businessmen are morally inferior to the Mau Mau.*

Government-Speak

In 1828 Noah Webster published what he called an "*American* Dictionary of the English Language" because he knew that the United States was changing forever the way English was spoken. George Bernard Shaw observed nearly a century later that England and America were two nations divided by the same language.

Developing a common way of speaking in America helped unite the country. Recent developments threaten to divide it. Increasingly, Americans in one part of the country are speaking differently from everyone else. It's not a different language they're speaking, really, as much as a patois that parodies language. It flowers in Washington, D.C. It's called *governmentese.*

Governmentese has a lexicon of acronyms and jargon that seeks to rob words of their meaning as well as meaning from words. Some words in governmentese mean things you'd never dream of; other times they mean nothing at all.

It's a language that speaks in euphemisms, uses "impact" as a verb, and favors the passive voice to avoid fixing responsibility. Its gospel is the Federal Register, and its disciples tend to work in the federal government. They seek "measurable end products" they can "prioritize" and then "effectuate." It's not George Orwell's "newspeak" as much as ol'fashioned double talk. Gibberish, garble, and gobbledygook are to governmentese what conciseness, clarity, and crispness are to conventional speech.

In governmentese, people do not talk or write. They "communicate". Instead of meeting, they "interface." A tax increase in governmentese is "revenue enhancement." There is no "future" in this peculiar parlance. There are "out years."

A few years ago the rest of the country spoke of gas rationing. Not in Washington. There it was called "end use allocation." It's impossible in governmentese to make a mistake. But people have "misspoken" on occasion.

If there were such a thing as a governmentese glossary we would find in it that Cuban refugees are "entrants: status pending;" illegal aliens are "undocumented workers;" and teenagers are "unemancipated minors." If you were developing a budget in governmentese and wanted to kill a project, you would "zero fund the program."

A Cabinet Secretary recently explained how the elderly could benefit from "behavioral and life-style modifications within individual control." Perhaps we all could benefit—if we knew what it meant!

If there were such a thing as a Lewis Carroll award for bafflegab in language, it would have to go to "national species of special emphasis." Endangered species are threatened with extinction and therefore protected by law from being killed. "National species of special emphasis" are endangered species you can kill legally.

Such words govern the nation. A language once filled with vigor and gusto is being wrestled to the ground by peddlers of jabberwocky.

UNITED TECHNOLOGIES

There are other familiar names here and there. Here they are young and brash, and, not least, still relatively fresh from their studies. I doubt, for instance, that M. Stanton Evans, for all the inestimable value of his writing in recent years on budget and defense matters, has recently written anything so scholarly as his exchange with Ralph Raico (editor-in-chief of *NIR*) on the theological skepticism inherent (Evans claims) in the moral systems of the Classical Liberals. It may be, too, that those times allowed a bit more leisurely reflection than the onrush of disasters commentators like Evans have had to handle since January 20, 1977.

Yale Brozen, one of the Chicago professors involved in *NIR*, contributed a fairly technical article on wage rates and unemployment—a complement to Rothbard's discussion of Hoover. Reed Irvine, before he became retromingent, was an adviser to the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve, and contributed an article on "Economic Development and Free Markets," an excellent survey of the postwar German and Japanese "miracles." There are complementary treatments of the same "miracles" in other issues of *NIR*, and together they provide a rich collection of quotations and sources.

The editors were able translators, and published articles by and about European Liberals (Bastiat, Claus, Tocqueville [the full text of a rousing address on socialism, delivered in the Constituent Assembly after the 1848 Revolution]).

A theme that appeared frequently in the *New Individualist Review*, still taken up now and again in *Modern Age* and *National Review*: the differences, in principle, between pure Classical Liberalism and twentieth-century Conservatism. (See the exchanges between Ronald Hamowy and William F. Buckley, Jr., and M. Stanton Evans and Ralph Raico, and John P. McCarthy on "The Shortcomings of Right-Wing Foreign Policy," a tightly constructed and hilarious review, in the analytic mode, of Ayn Rand's *For the New Intellectual*, a special issue on Richard Weaver [including two articles unpublished at

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the time of his death], and more.)

Professor Friedman writes: "Most of the articles remain timely and relevant. More important, perhaps, this student venture, despite its narrow base and its limited resources, sets an intellectual standard that has not yet, I believe, been matched by any of the more recent publications in the same philosophical tradition."

All too true. □

SUMMER CROSSING

Steve Tesich / Random House / $14.95

Judy Tyrrell

"I bet, I just bet that some man is an island."

So begins a poem written by Larry Misiora, one of Daniel Boone Price's two best friends during his senior year at Roosevelt High School in East Chicago, Indiana. Nothing is superfluous in Steve Tesich's first novel, *Summer Crossing*, and Larry's poem is no exception. Daniel, the narrator of the novel, a young man whose background closely resembles Tesich's, marvels at Larry's poem: "A pang of envy clarified my own opinion of it." He marvels at Larry's heretofore unknown literary talent and he marvels, as the book progresses, at Larry, who seems to be somewhat of an island himself. Of the three friends who graduate together, only Larry wishes to escape from the steel mills of "da region." He asks Daniel to come with him so they can be heroes together. But Daniel is unable to do it, even though he has dreamed often of leaving town and becoming a bum. He envies Larry's resolve and independence, his ability to be an island. When he realizes Larry is really going to leave, he confesses: "I lost all control. There was only one other person I knew who could stand alone like that without looking lonely and afraid, and since I could not bring myself to attack Rachel, I went after Misiora."

Rachel is another island. She is Daniel's first love, a girl whom he adores, but of whose affection he is never sure. She too is independent and illusive, and try as he might, Daniel cannot hold on to her any more than he can keep Larry in East Chicago. He loves and envies them both, but understands neither one.

Between both these couples (Larry-Daniel and Rachel-Daniel) is Freud. Billy Freund, Daniel's other friend, is called Freud because "a substitute teacher . . . had called him Freud and that was all it took." But don't let Tesich deceive you. This is not the only reason for the nickname. Freudian psychology is at work throughout the novel in the form of David, who comes between Rachel and Daniel, and in the very complicated relationship between Daniel and his father. I shall leave it to the psychologists to analyze.

The final triangle in the novel is represented by the Price family. There is Mrs. Price whose strength, confidence, and independence Daniel recognizes as well as he recognizes his father's weaknesses. "How was it, I wondered, that my father had picked her to be his wife? Surely he could tell—one look at her was enough to tell—that this foreign woman with Oriental features was not the woman for him. She was taller, stronger, handsomer. Why, then? Unless he wanted to have a live-in reminder of his own inadequacies. Even more astonishing was that she had accepted him. She talked about the men in her family; they were all tall and dark, ferocious warriors all of them, heroes all of them." Heroes, like Larry. Exotic, like Rachel. Mrs. Price is the other island.

Mr. Price is like Daniel, from his thick hair to his lack of confidence. "If [my mother] had doubts, it was about the rest of the world, not about herself. My father and I did it the other way around." As Daniel comes to realize that he is not like his mother, whom he envies and admires, but more and more like his father whom he resents and even hates, he is terrified. And as his father slowly and agonizingly dies of cancer in Daniel's house on the very sofa where he and Rachel had made love, Daniel is torn between hatred and guilt, and terror that he will end up like that.

The characters evolve in inextricable plots: Larry/Rachel/Mother v. Daniel. All three relationships could be successful, Daniel thinks, were it not for Freud/David/Father who thwart him at every opportunity.

Ironically, Larry and Rachel, whom Daniel admires for their ability to stand alone, just want to be like everyone else. Larry wishes he had never graduated from high school so he would not dream of anything beyond the steel mills. Rachel watches the cheerleaders practice and observes others at parties and bonfires as she dreams of acceptance by a group and longingly remembers her friends from childhood.

Summer Crossing is a novel about hope. "Don't ever hope," Mr. Price tells his son. "Promise me you'll never hope. . . . It can kill you." But Daniel does hope and in the end, he leaves. "And so I went out into the world." The novel ends with this line, just as the adult life of Daniel Boone Price is beginning. One hopes that Steve Tesich's career as a novelist is just beginning, too. □

Judy Tyrrell has contributed to The American Spectator *since its founding.*

EDITORIAL

(continued from page 6)

and articulate . . . avoided coyness . . ." In sum, another heroic moment to add to the liberal's lengthening list of Senator Kennedy's heroic moments, many of which upon closer investigation appear to be defeats.

By contrast, the conservatives have

Cash in on the *smart* investment for the Eighties...

Strategic metals are essential not only to our military strength, but to our basic way of life—from the cars we drive (copper and steel) to our health care (lead and cobalt). This eye-opening book shows how, where, and why the Soviet Union is waging a Resource War on the West, and why the coming world scarcity of these strategic metals presents important opportunities for the investor.

STRATEGIC METALS: The Current Crisis and Your Investment Opportunities arms you with all the information you need to profit in this volatile, vital market.

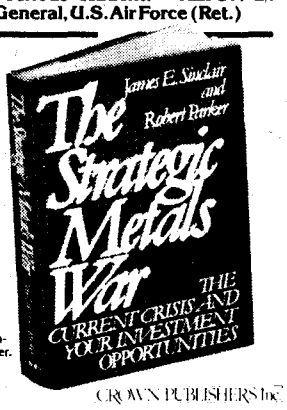
THE TOTAL PICTURE—The authors cite the dangers posed by shortages and asses the explosive political and economic conditions in the producing nations.

HOW THE MARKET WORKS—You'll learn the special language of the strategic metals market...how to read the markets, analyze supply and demand...gain access to valuable research reports...

THE FUTURE—Projections relating how White House policies will affect your investments...which markets will experience rising demand in the coming months...

Also contains a detailed appendix of the twenty strategic metals—showing sources, extent of U.S. import dependency, and price histories.

"This is a subject of great importance to our nation's security. Sinclair and Parker have presented it with authority and accuracy so it is interesting and understandable to either the lay reader or the serious student."—ALTON D. SLAY, General, U.S. Air Force (Ret.)



$17.50, now at your bookstore, or use coupon to order.

CROWN PUBLISHERS Inc.

CROWN PUBLISHERS, DEPT. 650
34 Engelhard Ave., Avenel, N.J. 07001

I want to know how to invest my money in STRATEGIC METALS. Send me my copy now, for which I enclose check or money order for $17.50 plus $1.40 postage and handling charge. If I wish, I may return the book postpaid within ten days for full refund.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

N.Y. and N.J. residents, add sales tax.

COLUMBIA PACIFIC UNIVERSITY

NONRESIDENT BACHELOR, MASTER AND DOCTORAL DEGREES FOR THE ACCOMPLISHED INDIVIDUAL

Columbia Pacific University, the largest nonresidential graduate university in the U.S., has been authorized by the State of California to grant nonresident Bachelor, Master and Doctoral degrees in numerous fields, including Business, Psychology, Engineering, Health, and Education.

Degrees are earned through a combination of full academic credit for life and work experience and completion of an independent study project in the student's area of special interest. The time involved is shortened due to accelerated, self-paced learning. The cost is under $2,500.

Columbia Pacific University is attracting accomplished individuals, members of the business and professional community, desiring to design their own projects and receive academic acknowledgement for their personal achievements. May I send you more information?

R.L. Crews, M.D., President
COLUMBIA PACIFIC UNIVERSITY
150 Shoreline, Suite 2501
Mill Valley, CA 94941
Call Toll Free USA: 800-227-1617, ext. 480
California Only: 800-772-3545, ext. 480

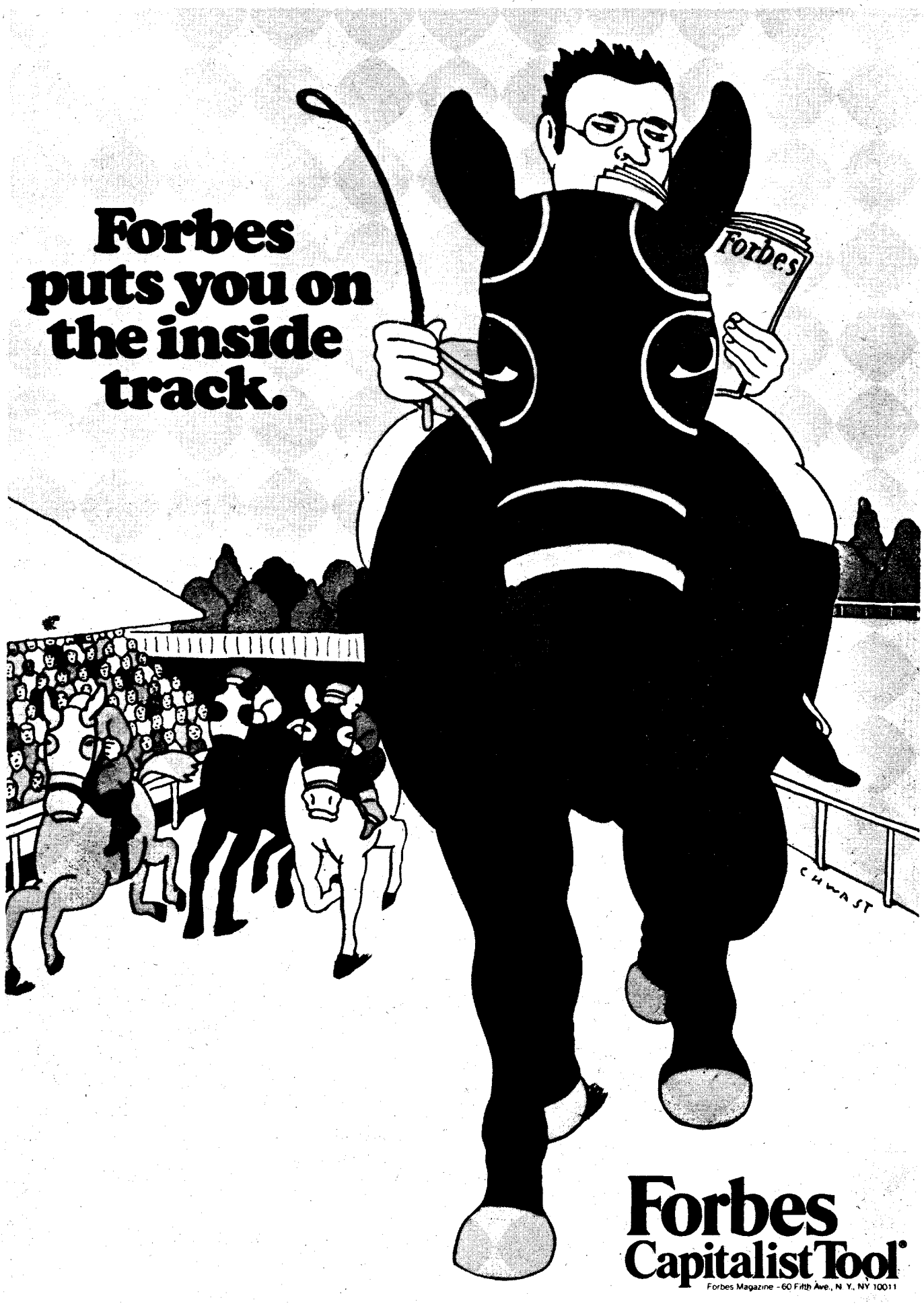
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fashioned no moving legend from the varied and unusual life of their hero. There are only a few hackneyed observations: his geniality, his niceness. After this the liberals take over, and their hackneyed observations are not all that dulcet. He is patronized, though he is not stoned. Consider the December 13 *Time* magazine cover story. The liberals have tried for the most part to be decent.

Is there not more that can be said about a man who has been running for the presidency since 1968? He has lost more often than Senator Kennedy. Why no romantic tears and stiff upper lips? He came from one of America's most glamorous settings, Hollywood—and from a legendary Hollywood era at that, the time of Capra films, of Cooper and Stewart and Wayne. While head of the actors' union he faced real danger, requiring him to carry a gun. He has for nearly 30 years represented a position of the underdog in American intellectual life, namely: the position of the intellectual conservative. Yet he remains debonair, sparing us the morbidity so characteristic of our ideologues. Why the silence from the conservatives?

As Washington figures go Ronald Reagan is an interesting man. To begin with he remains refreshingly apart from the futile freneticism, the exaggerated drive, the bombastic commitment, all the empty agitation and ambiguous oratory that characterizes American government. Reagan is at ease with the world. He is profoundly principled, but somehow detached from the squirrelly urgency that has brought so many of our recent Messiahs to ruin. What Robert J. Donovan says of Harry Truman in Donovan's new Truman biography can also be said of Reagan: he is "a buoyant, good-natured, secure individual with a sense of well-being that had carried him through the storms and crises." One of Reagan's crises was a bullet to the chest. He responded with grace and a series of hilarious lines. Not even Andrew Jackson matched those heroics. Think of what the liberals would make of such an adventure were he theirs.

Practically alone, Ronald Reagan has raised the conservative critique of government to a Congress, a Washington bureaucracy, and a news media that theretofore had furtively ignored it. Reagan has performed this task gracefully and amusingly. Yet the book shelves do not fill with his biographies. Is this the liberal's fault? I must demur. □



CORRESPONDENCE

(continued from page 26)

Wade necessitate more government or less defense? . . .

Asahina warns that moralism in politics is as "opprobrious" on the New Right as it is on the Left (as if there is any subject of political debate that is not moral). Admittedly abortion is a moral issue. So is national defense. So are a lot of the issues Asahina would assign to the realm of "practical" politics. Then why has Asahina selected out abortion for the President to put on the back burner? It is not, I suspect, for the reasons he states, but rather because abortion has been and is going to be a nasty fight. . . .

If, in Asahina's opinion, fighting the abortion fight makes conservatives look like "reactionaries," then tough. After all, it makes liberals look like monsters. . . . Asahina should be ashamed to urge such a cowardly course on our President.

—Christine Moruza
Berkeley, California

"You might say we have become a nation of the legless—hordes of people of all ages daily put on special costumes and special shoes, risking permanent damage to spine, knees,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shins, and ankles, in order to jog to nowhere and back again" ("Whatever Happened to America?").

Midge Decter obviously loathes exercise to make such a statement full of excesses containing the stuff which flows from the rear of the uncastrated bovine ruminant. Exercising one's body no more damages the legs, knees, spine, etc., than journalistic exercise or mental inquiry damages the brain. Jogging takes one physically, psychically, and emotionally somewhere. It also stimulates journalistic creativity as a result. To use the term "nowhere" indicates the user has not "been there." —*George E. Goodwine*
Institute of the Veracious Arts
Warrensburg, Missouri

SPECTATOR'S JOURNAL

Letter from Sicily

The way things are going cynics here predict it won't be long before the Mafia problem takes care of itself. The rate of inside gangland murders has jumped from one every two days at the beginning of 1982 to one every six hours in October. Only occasionally have bullets been spent on outsiders and only on those like Italy's *Carabiniere Numero Uno*, Carlo Alberto Dalla Chiesa, who have attempted to interrupt the rhythm.

As the slaughter mounts so does the public's expression of outrage. Only the bosses know how much of the chagrin is genuine and how much is bluff. Belatedly, ordinary law-abiding Sicilians, shamed by the image their homeland is taking on abroad—and "abroad" means the Italian mainland as well as the rest of the world—have organized protest marches. Belatedly too the island's bishops have issued pleas to the faithful to shake off their inertia and to the politicians to stand up to the Mafia.

The atmosphere was tense when Pope John Paul arrived in Palermo in mid-November for a two-day pastoral visit. There had been three murders the night before and, expectedly, no witnesses. In the press release given out ahead of the main papal address there was mention of "fresh blood on the city's streets" and condemnation of *omerta*, the traditional silence that protects the criminal from the law and the witness from the criminal. Both references were left out when the Pope spoke to the crowd.

Mafia today means drugs. Eighty percent of the heroin sold in the United States is processed in Palermo and its immediate environs. In the 1920s when the Mussolini government stamped out the Mafia in Sicily, membership consisted largely of administrators of the great estates working for absentee landlords. The war over and Fascism defeated, the bosses returned from Chicago and other transatlantic havens with new sophistication. They moved into the cities to profit from the postwar building boom. In neither the first nor the second phase were Mafia activities altogether clandestine, nor did their financial scope begin to compare with that of the new Mafia, lords of the drug traffic.

In the opinion of the weekly, *Panorama*, "The Mafia can no longer be said merely to infiltrate Sicilian society. It is now an integral part of that society," and the magazine goes on to describe Palermo, a city of 700,000 with 120,000 unemployed where "money flows and it is hard to find a shabby looking person. It is probable that at least 200,000 *Palermitani* live, in one way or another, on Mafia profits."

But the sense of outrage mounts because boys and girls are dying of drug addiction in Italy now the way they have been dying in other Western countries. In Rome alone there have been 49 deaths in the past year and in the whole of Italy an average of 20 per month. In the face of official indifference, a group of mothers in Rome has taken over an abandoned house to create a therapy and counseling center.

Last May the central government did come up with a dramatic gesture when it sent the hero of Italy's antiterrorism campaign, General Dalla Chiesa, to Palermo. At first the mob played games with him, chalking up 100 killings during his first 100 days. Even as he moved a contingent of squad cars into the zone known as the Triangle of Death where most of the murders occur, in order "to demonstrate the presence of the State," Carabiniere headquarters received an anonymous telephone call suggesting officers look into the Fiat parked outside their door. They found two just-strangled bodies.

The General's son has insisted that his father received no help from local Christian Democrat authorities, no cooperation, none of the necessary assistance. Citing a remark made by the Mayor of Palermo in a television interview that neither special powers nor important corpses were called for, Nando Dalla Chiesa says his father understood the threat. Indeed within five months after arriving on what turned out to be a futile mission the General and his wife were gunned down on one of the principal streets of Palermo.

Gavin Maxwell, Scottish writer on otters and *mafiosi*, compares trying to get to the core of things in Sicily to peeling an onion. Still, Ronald Reagan is trying. His envoy Attorney General William French Smith came to Rome in early November to sign a new and more workable extradition accord with Italy's Minister of Justice. A move in the President's crusade against the drug traffic, such an agreement has long been sought by Italian judges eager to bring some 28 Italians serving time in the United States to trial in Italy.

As befits his office and mission Mr. Smith was optimistic. He may well be more hopeful than British officials in his position. Eighty percent of the heroin sold in the United Kingdom comes from Pakistan where the government admits it has virtually no control over refineries in the autonomous tribal regions to the north.

As unlike mountain tribesmen as their "families" in Manhattan, the Mafia millionaires of Sicily go on processing opium into heroin in at least four laboratories tucked away in obscure neighborhoods of the island's capital, using a new and efficient chemical formula invented by a French ex-pediatrician known as "Monsieur le Docteur."

A good many bad things will have to change before the tragic problem is solved. Meanwhile, as the cynics say, give the gun-happy mobsters enough time and they will solve it themselves. —*Mary Martinez*

BOOKS OF CONSEQUENCE

. . . for times of Concern

A uniquely honest, candid portrayal of tumultuous times, told with humor and admirable detachment

A LIFE WITH THE PRINTED WORD
JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

No journalist of this century has been more widely read over a career that began in 1925 and continues, today, through a widely syndicated column. Although he is a man of strong convictions, he never lets differences of opinion cloud his appreciation of those who people the human events of his time. Those who know John Chamberlain will sense his presence in every page, and every reader will come away with greater understanding for the ideas and forces that have made the world we live in, and continue to influence it.

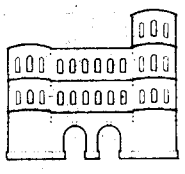
Introduction by William F. Buckley, Jr. $12.95

An uproarious assault on the American literary, cultural establishment

PANIC AMONG THE PHILISTINES
BRYAN GRIFFIN

From the seedlings of his two-part article first appearing in Harper's in 1981, this greatly expanded and more out-spoken version is an even more unorthodox portrayal. Through scathing and hilarious examples of the popular artists, critics, and journalists who have been celebrating the mediocre and depraved in a time when everything was **great** precisely because nothing was really very good, he identifies and suggests a cure for what might be the fundamental intellectual disease of our time. You'll love it or hate it – but you **must** read it.

$12.95



REGNERY GATEWAY • The Publisher for those who see the needs of the future clearly

send check or money order to:
REGNERY GATEWAY, INC.
360 West Superior Street • Chicago, Illinois 60610-0890

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CURRENT WISDOM

The Washington Post

Forty-eight hours after 500 counter-demonstrators responded to a Washington, D.C. demonstration of Ku Kluxian pinheads by rampaging and looting local stores, columnist Dorthy Gilliam proffers comforting thoughts and exhilarating visions:

The 36 Klansmen who showed up to rally here on Saturday looked impotent when you consider the Klan's vaunted history of lynching and violence. But the counter-protesters, many times the minuscule numbers of the Klan, sent a message of strong resolve: certain vulgarities, such as the appearance of the KKK, just won't be tolerated in the nation's capital.

It is unfortunate that the anti-Klan demonstrators became angry when they were denied a confrontation with the white-sheeted purveyors of hate and subsequently vented their fury on the most available symbol—police authority. But it should be remembered that the crowd was orderly until its members were denied what they considered was their right to confront the Klan. Before that time, the protest was carried out in the orderly mode of the '60s civil rights movement, with speeches and singing and banners.

The looting did no credit to the anti-Klan movement. But in any war, no matter how heroic are the soldiers, there will be some among them who will rape, rob and plunder. And whenever you have a large crowd where you don't check credentials at the door, a certain criminal element may be drawn as well. . . .

The sophistication of the masses was, in the end, a thing to behold. These were not bedraggled, straggling, drugged-out potheads. It was a strong racial and cultural mix: Latinos, blacks, whites, and Palestinians. . . .

The crowd also understood that today's Rightwing Revival had given the Klan the nerve to come to the capital. The anti-Klan protestors were saying that they have had enough; that they were going to stand up, and were ready to battle in the streets. The message to the powers that be is they will have to deal with a more sophisticated mass than they did in the '60s. . . .

So despite the violence and looting, Saturday represented a kind of limited progress and a healthy sign. The anti-Klan demonstrators were angered because they did not want a hollow victory, they wanted to face the Klan and win by letting the Klan see their numbers and that they were not afraid. . . .

It would be a shame if conservatives—particularly the people in power who have created the climate in which the Klan rally could take place—don't get the message of the masses. For on Saturday, in the speeches and banners, it rang out loud and clear: The KKK is part of a level of obscenity we won't tolerate. It was a memorable message.

[*November 29, 1982*]

Archaeology

Unexpected praise for religious observances from Dr. Patricia R. Anawalt, a leading authority on "Middle American costumes and textiles":

From whatever ideological camp Aztec human sacrifice is viewed, the important point is that this fascinating culture must be understood within its own framework. The Aztecs represent the final flowering of one of the great high cultures of the New World. Far from being a group of bloody savages bent on sadistic torture, they were a civilized, fatalistic and reverent people. The information collected by the Spanish missionaries repeatedly stresses that there was no intent of cruelty, punishment or blood lust connected with the offering of a human life. It always took place in the most reverent circumstances, the supreme religious act of a deeply devout people.

Today, when the western world professes such respect for individual life, it seems incredible to us that a culture would condone the sacrificing of hundreds, perhaps thousands of people annually. Yet this did indeed happen in Mexico. And on a smaller scale, multiple human sacrifices also occurred in the ancient Old World. Such customs demonstrate the wide range of behavior that has been socially acceptable during human time on earth, which underscores again what a malleable creature *Homo sapiens* is. Perhaps this is one of the most profound lessons archaeology has to teach us.

[*September/October 1982*]

San Jose Mercury News

Mrs. Elise T. Chisolm recounts a stupendous moment of bliss spent with a genius and the shock that followed thanks to Ronald W. Reagan and his brutes:

We are walking beside a lake in Cleveland Heights, Ohio. I am having one of those beautiful talks you have with a son whom you don't see very often. The fallen leaves are still golden, the Japanese maples are still bright red, the lake is green and a light rain is falling. A typical fall Cleveland day. We pass by a large junior high school. In the rain the school's football team is playing a big game. The parents are shouting on the sidelines and running up and down with the coaches.

But what marred my day and galvanized me to the spot were the 25 little girls, twisting their bodies in perfect unison, leaping into the air and emulating something between the Dallas Cowboys cheerleaders and the Ziegfeld Follies.

Pompons were everywhere in sync with the pre-adolescent maneuvers.

"Why are the cheerleaders so much younger than the football players?" I ask.

"I dunno," he says, "I think there is a local cheerleading clinic, and they start about 9 years old with lessons. Awful."

We drew closer to the cheering section. And lo, the girls were really little girls, not even close to women yet. Short hot pants clung to skinny little thighs. They were in tight leotards, and a few seemed to have on padded bras. The hairstyles were mini-Miss Americas, and their makeup was in place and ready for action. But they couldn't have been more than 9 or 10.

My son says, "Isn't that sick? . . . the Reagan administration has brought that on, this swing back to conservatism."

[*November 14, 1982*]

Harper's

The views of Dr. Arthur S. Levine, Ph.D., satirist or typical American reformer? Fifteen years into the New Age make it very difficult to decide:

The anguish, disaffection, and loneliness surrounding our sexual lives are a growing national scandal. We have become a nation divided into "haves" and "have-nots." How much longer can this sexual inequity continue without fundamentally threatening the national polity? The "invisible hand" that supposedly governs the sexual marketplace is simply no longer working, and our totally unregulated free enterprise system for meeting and mating has become as antiquated as the unchecked industrialism of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.

No civilized country in the world today assumes that those who can't fend for themselves should starve to death on the street; yet we callously disregard the needs of those unfortunate citizens who are starving for the food of life—love, or its nearest approximation: sexual pleasure. Jimmy Carter once described justice as "love in action." We should now realize that love is "sex in action," and that our society is very far indeed from realizing the promise of universal sexual fulfillment that has always been an integral part of the American Dream.

[*January 1983*]

The New York Times

Dr. Robert Palmer, modern musicologist in residence at the venerable *Times*, applies the higher intellection to "mutating funk," illuminating cultural jewels too long left unscrutinized by superior minds:

The word "funk" is difficult to define. But in today's pop music, funk is generally understood as a rhythmic language that involves chattering, telegraphic percussion; a fat and basic backbeat from the drums; and melodic bass patterns that tend to lope or stutter. The roots of funk are in Latin music, in New Orleans rhythm-and-blues, and above all in the stripped-down, ferociously rhythmic music of the mid-1960's James Brown band. But by now, musicians and bands all over the world are trying their hands at funk. It's the common rhythmic language that allows British new wave rock to fit snugly into the musical formats of black-oriented inner-city radio stations and unites whites and blacks on night-club dance floors.

Funk rhythms are put together by stacking various rhythmic patterns together, and while the details of the patterns have changed somewhat, the way in which they are stacked, the roles of the various instruments in the funk rhythm section, and even the ideal balance of the instruments have changed surprisingly little in the past 15 years. But now funk *is* changing. Part of the impetus for this change must have come from the experiments of various avant-gardists. But recently, some of the leading figures in black popular music have been radically mutating funk formulas in a number of fresh and provocative ways.

[*November 21, 1982*]

Daily Camera

A visit to the University of Colorado at historic Boulder by the American Dreyfus occasions a purple editorial in the illustrious *Daily Camera* composed by a victim of the local History Department:

Joe McCarthy and his ilk were willing to leave a battlefield strewn with the bodies of accused communists in order to lay claim to political popularity. To get what they wanted, they had to count on a gullible public with a lynch-mob mentality.

One victim of the great communist hunt, through the Hollywood blacklist, was screenwriter Dalton Trumbo of Grand Junction. Trumbo was such a powerful writer that he went on to win an academy award even while his name was banned by the film industry.

Another victim of the same mentality, a visitor to Boulder last week, was Alger Hiss, a former member of the Roosevelt administration, who was persecuted by the House Un-American Activities Committee and a young Richard Nixon.

Hiss was accused of handing over secrets to the commies by a shrieking Whittaker Chambers, then an editor at Time Magazine.

After being hauled through the mud in public, Hiss eventually did more than three years in prison for perjury.

He had his law career taken away from him until only recently. It is a testimony to our sanity that Hiss is able to travel through the country today, telling students about what happened to him.

It is comforting to know that Hiss believes that Americans today aren't so easily led as they were 30 years ago. In his opinion it couldn't happen again.

We agree that people today view the world through cynical-colored glasses. We would spot a Joe McCarthy a mile away.

[*February 17, 1982*]

The New York Times

Lugubrious ruminations from Dr. James David Barber, monitor of presidential rectitude and erstwhile champion of Carterism without corn pone:

If President Reagan's performance so far is any index, we are in for a long slide away from democratic deliberation as we mosey toward 1984.

Ronald Reagan is the first modern President whose contempt for the facts is treated as a charming idiosyncracy.

[*November 7, 1982*]

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

classified

OPPORTUNITIES

MEXICAN INVESTMENTS? Do you have Mexican investments or bank deposits? Interested in the outlook for the peso? You should be reading MEXLETTER. For a free copy write: MEXLETTER, Apartado 1335, Mexico, D.F., 06000, Mexico.

BOOKS

JESUS FICTIONAL! SCHOLARLY BOOKLET conclusively proves Flavius Josephus created Jesus, Gospels. $3.00—Vector, Box 6215-S, Bellevue, WA, 98007.

MAKE HOMEMADE BOOKLETS. I've earned $187,000 with mine. Money never stops. Free information: Wren, Box 548, Woodville, Texas, 75979.

PUBLISHERS' OVERSTOCKS, BARGAIN BOOKS. 2,000 titles, all subjects! Free catalog: Hamilton's, 98-74 Clapboard, Danbury, CT 06810.

McGUFFEY READERS, replica 1879 edition. Nostalgic set; fine literary selections; engravings. Seven books, hardbound $31.95 postpaid. STELLA MARIS BOOKS, Box 11483AS, Fort Worth, TX 76110.

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK! Join our successful authors. Publicity, advertising, beautiful books. All subjects invited. Send for fact-filled booklet and free manuscript report. Carlton Press, Dept. ASB, 84 Fifth Avenue, NY 10011.

CONSERVATIVE Out-of-Print Books: Buckley, Kirk, Solzhenitsyn, Evans, Muggeridge, etc. For list send stamped, addressed envelope: Box 549, Iowa City, IA 52244.

WANTED: A complete set of Pogo books (I Go Pogo, etc.) G. Calhoun, 2606 Terrace, Midland, TX 79701.

HOW TO LOBBY CONGRESS by a veteran lobbyist tells you in concise terms how to make your voice heard on Capitol Hill. A must for any organization with a political purpose. Send $8.50 plus $2.00 postage and handling to Nadek Corp. 1016 Massachusetts Ave., N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002.

CATHOLIC LIBERAL EDUCATION

Thomas Aquinas College offers serious intellectual discipline and a close-knit community of students and teachers. Classics from Aristotle to Einstein replace textbooks; classroom discussions replace lectures; elective system replaced by an integrated, comprehensive study of mathematics, experimental science, language, music, history, literature, philosophy, and theology. Classes do not exceed 20 students. Endorsed by M. Stanton Evans, Russell Kirk, Malcolm Muggeridge. Accredited by Western Association of Schools and Colleges. For information write to:

Director of Admissions—AS
Thomas Aquinas College
10,000 N. Ojai Road
Santa Paula, CA 93060
(805)525-4417

PERIODICALS

LIBERTARIAN CONTROVERSIES. Cover them all with *Frontlines*, the libertarian movement's leading newsletter. State, national, and international news, views, and happenings. $15.00/year by first-class mail. Frontlines, Dept. 5, Box 40105, Santa Barbara, CA 93103.

MAGAZINE SAMPLES
Free listing of over 150 magazines offering a sample copy—$.50 a sample. Send stamped, self-addressed #10 envelope to: PUBLISHERS EXCHANGE, P.O. Box 220, Dept 129A, Dunellen, NJ 08812.

MISCELLANEOUS

POETRY AND FICTION writing workshop for NY conservatives tired of liberal art. Call 212-598-9802.

THINGS are more exciting the first time around. The only way to recapture that initial excitement is to live this exact same life again. Spirit a SASE to arithmetically and spiritually sound HEREBEFORES, Box 2243, Youngstown, OH 44504.

CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

You can reach 120,000 informed and interested readers in the classified section of *The American Spectator*. Our rates are only 70 cents per word (12-word minimum). Include an additional $4 if you want a box number, and we will forward all inquiries to you once a week. *The American Spectator* reserves the right to reject any copy for any reason. Please specify classification: Help Wanted, Positions Wanted, Opportunities, Services, Books, Periodicals, Informational Pamphlets, Conferences, Bumperstickers & Buttons, Merchandise, Personals, Miscellaneous.

YES, I would like to place a classified ad in *The American Spectator*. Enclosed is full payment for ..... number of words.

_____ (number of words)
x .70 (price per word)
= _____ Cost for one issue
x _____ (number of issues ad is to appear)
= _____ Total cost (payment must accompany order)

Ad classification: _____

PLEASE PRINT
Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Please type or print your ad on a separate sheet of paper, attach and send to:
THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR
Classified Department
P.O. Box 1969, Bloomington, IN 47402

MISCELLANEOUS

IN CASE YOU'RE STILL in the dark we are all headed straight for hell and need someone to straighten us out. We have just the man. Send SASE to the world's ONLY radical, J.C. BRAINBEAU, Box 2243, Youngstown, OH 44504.

"CARIBE PLAYA" Guardarraya Puerto Rico 00723. Superb private coconut beach, environment, snorkeling, tranquility, hospitality, efficiencies. $168 person-weekly-dblocc.

WANT A LETTER? Send stamp to THE LETTER, Box 86AS, Cutten, Ca 95534.

PERSONALS

THREE WORD GROWL of the best advice *any* writer ever got. $5. You'll frame it or money back. Box D, Trinidad, CA 95570.

NECK TIE NARROWING Save your wide ties from fashion obsolescence! We'll narrow your ties to a stylish 3" width (or state width). Great birthday or Christmas gift. Send $12.50 for each set of 3 ties to Slim Ties Co., 44 Monterey Blvd., Dept. Z S.F., CA 94131

PERSONALS

CLASSICAL MUSIC LOVERS' EXCHANGE Nationwide link between unattached music lovers. Write CMLE, Box 31, Pelham, NY 10803.

ORIENTAL WOMEN seek correspondence for cultural exchange, language practice, friendship. Asian Exchanges, Honokaa, HI 96727.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS for the cultured single, widowed or divorced. Established 1970. Nationwide. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, PA 19081 or call (215) 566-2132.

SHROUD SPECTRUM INTERNATIONAL
A new quarterly devoted exclusively to serious Shroud studies, will bring you authentic information on all aspects of sindonology: American research, translations from European authorities and ancient texts, covering a literature of 19 centuries. Subscription: $15, payable to: Indiana Center for Shroud Studies, R. 3, Box 557, Nashville, IN 47448. Pilot issue of Dec. '81 will be sent with the spring issue. Subscribers who wish to receive pilot issue immediately, add $1.00 for postage & handling. Please print clearly name, address, zip.

The American Spectator Jackets and Tee Shirts: DESIGNED FOR THE ACTIVE, DYNAMIC, DISCRIMINATING CONSUMER.

T-SHIRTS
Please send me my very own *American Spectator* T-shirt. Enclosed is $7.98 per shirt.

	SIZE Large	XLarge
Paris Green on White	_____	_____
Paris Green on Gold	_____	_____
Paris Green on Light Blue	_____	_____

Please send me a "Nuke The Whales" T-shirt (Black on Blue). Illustrated, very controversial. Enclosed is $7.98 per shirt. _____ _____

WINDBREAKERS
Please send me my very own *American Spectator* Turkey Jacket (White on Navy Blue). Enclosed is $15.98 per jacket. _____ _____

BEER MUGS
Please send me a set of four official *American Spectator* beer mugs for $34.50 (available only in sets of four.) _____ _____

BUMPERSTICKERS
Please send me these bumperstickers at $2 each, 3 for $5.
.....Caution: I Speed Up For Small Animals
.....Have You Slugged Your Kid Today?
.....Nuke The Whales
.....Nuclear Plants Are Built Better Than Jane Fonda

Total enclosed $ _____

PLEASE PRINT
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Money-back guarantee. Return in ten days if not satisfied.
The Saturday Evening Club, P.O. Box 877, Bloomington, Indiana 47402

X3MX

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"There are still huge reserves of American oil left behind in oil fields that were tapped thirty or forty years ago," says Gulf Area Engineer John Shamburger. "In those days, crude was only two or three dollars a barrel, so we would operate an oil well only as long as the oil could be pumped up easily and inexpensively. It made more sense to drill new wells than to squeeze every drop out of old ones.

"In many of these old wells, the underground pressure is so low that the oil won't come up without some extra help. The extra help is called tertiary recovery, and it's a whole technology in itself. Here at Heidelberg, Mississippi, we started experimenting with it in 1971.

"One way to build up underground pressure is to set fire to some of the oil deep in the earth. That's called fireflooding. It drives the rest of the oil toward the well, where it can be pumped to the surface. The improvement can be pretty dramatic; in one case, production increased from one hundred to 2300 barrels per day.

"In other parts of the country, with different geology, we might use water, steam, or chemicals to get the oil flowing."

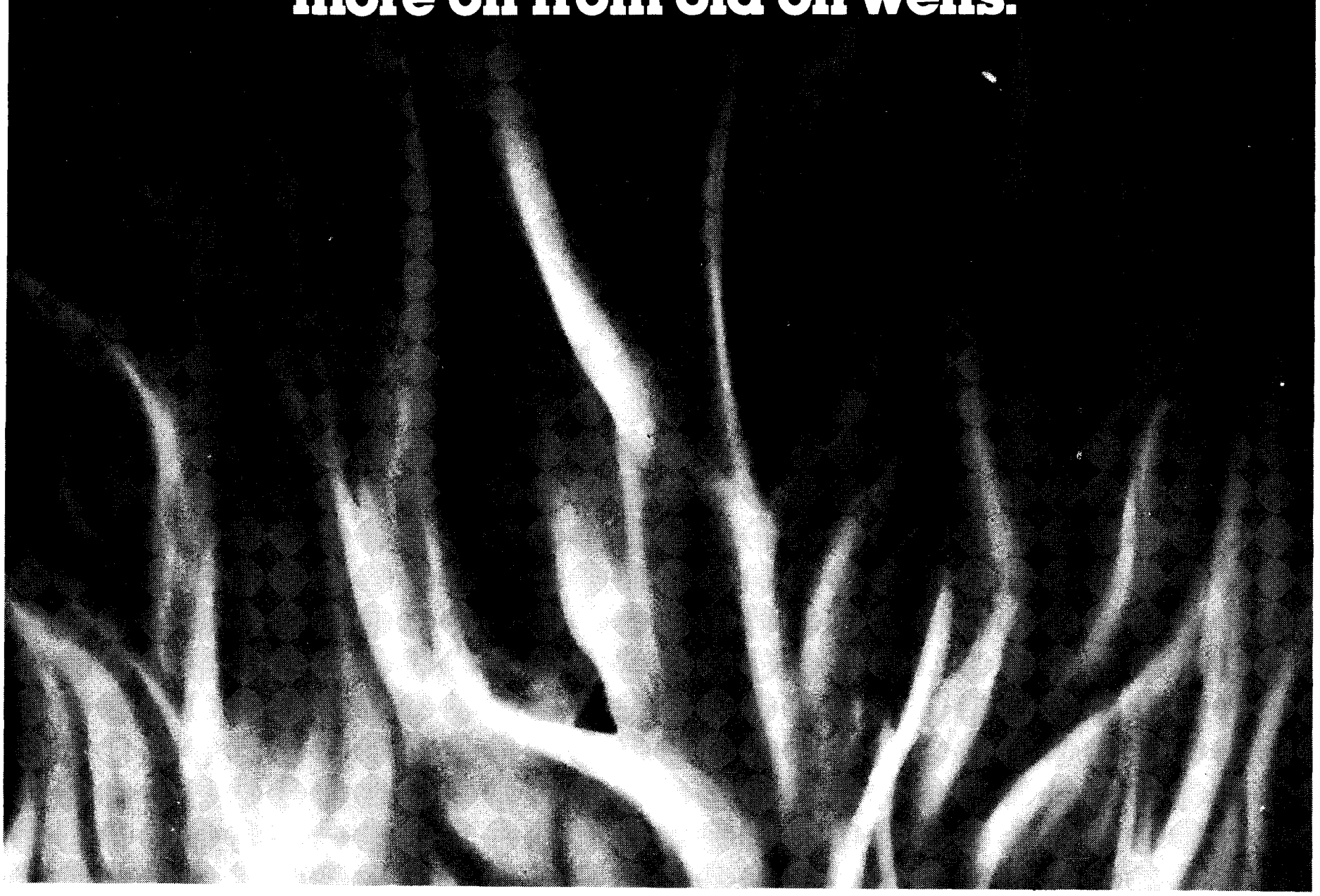
All over America, Gulf is using one or another of these technologies to get more oil out of old wells. It isn't cheap and it isn't easy, but it is a certain source of made-in-America energy for tomorrow.

Gulf

Gulf people: energy for tomorrow.

© Gulf Oil Corporation 1981

"Gulf's underground heat treatment gets more oil from old oil wells."



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED